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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVII No. 1915 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — OCT. 3 1936

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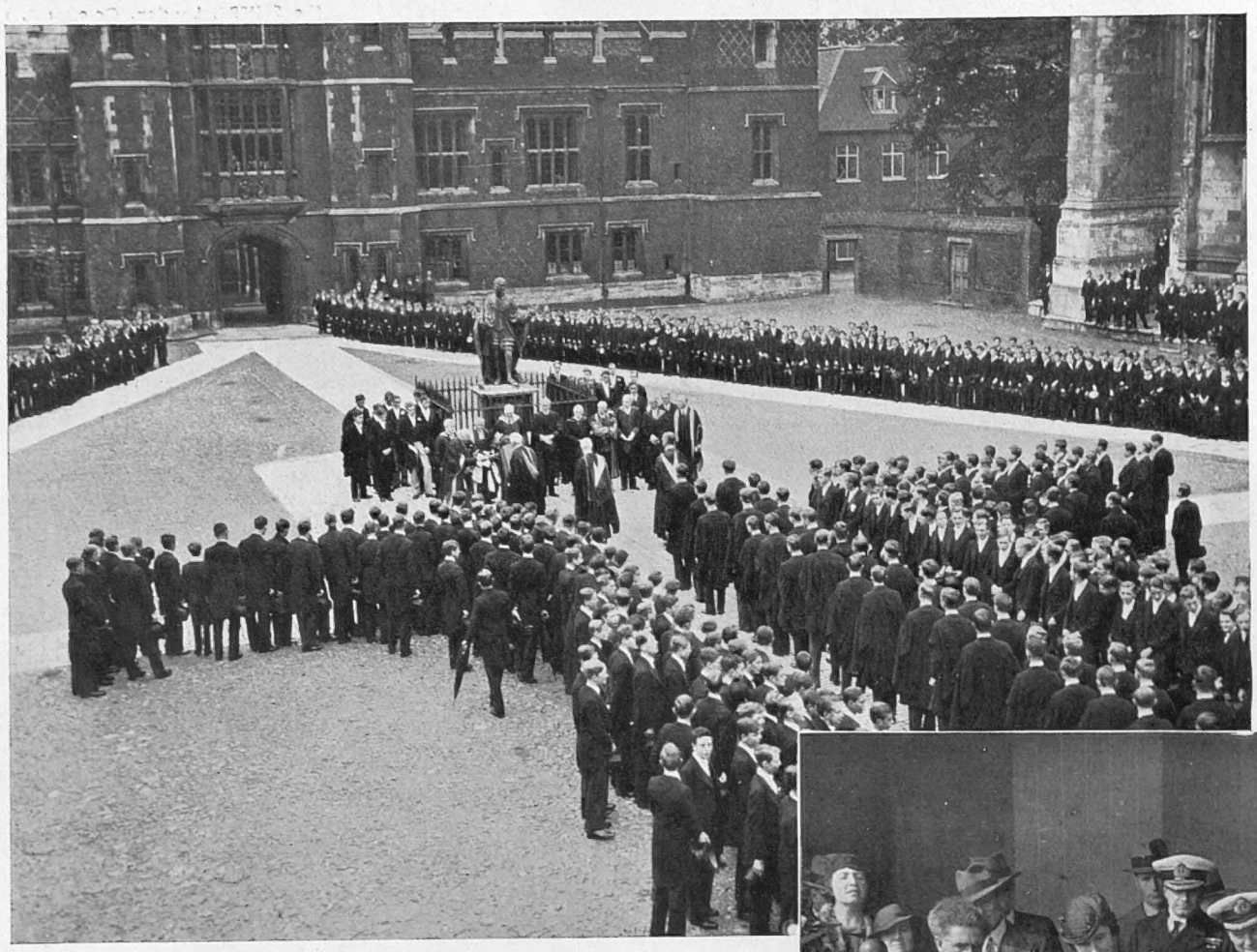
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 3, 1936

THE CONQUEROR OF SPACE

Squadron Leader F. R. D. Swain Leaving the Plane in which He Reached a Height of 49,967 ft. and Set Up a World Altitude Record

On Tuesday last the dramatic announcement was made by the Air Ministry that Squadron Leader F. R. D. Swain, of the R.A.F. Experimental Station at Farnborough, had made a new world's height record for aeroplanes by reaching an altitude of 49,967 ft.—nearly 9½ miles. More dramatic still was the pilot's description of his 3½-hour flight. "At 46,000 ft.," he said, "I looked down and below me I could see the whole of the English South Coast, from Margate to Land's End, and north almost as far as the Wash. London looked like a toy town. When I had reached 51,000 ft. on my altimeter, which was not working correctly, I found I could not climb any higher, so I decided to 'call it a day.' After gliding down about 5,000 ft. the window of my helmet glazed over completely. Then I began to feel suffocated. I had the impression I was getting short of oxygen. I pressed the release valve which should have opened the cockpit cover, but that failed to function. I tried the zip-cord attached to my suit for such an emergency, but couldn't find the fastener. I had to get my head clear of the helmet, as I was getting weaker. I had taken a clasp knife with me and the only thing to do was to get the knife and cut open the window of the helmet. I had great difficulty in doing this, but with a final effort I thrust the knife through and slit the window. As soon as the fresh air got in I felt better. I found I was then 14,000 ft. up over Yeovil."

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



A NEW CHAPTER IN ETON'S FIVE CENTURIES OF HISTORY: Lord Hugh Cecil being greeted by the Dean of Windsor and the Fellows at the foot of the statue of Henry VI (the Founder), and in the presence of the whole school, prior to being installed Provost in succession to the late Dr. M. R. James. Lord Hugh, who will now have to retire from the House of Commons where he sits as member for Oxford, is a brother of the Marquess of Salisbury and of Viscount Cecil of Chelwood

NAVAL OCCASION: Mrs. Snagge, wife of Vice-Admiral A. L. Snagge, Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, at the control table from which she worked the pneumatic hammer which drove the first rivet in the keel-plate of the cruiser *Gloucester*. The new vessel is being built on the same slip as that occupied by the *Birmingham* prior to being launched about three weeks ago

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, September 30, 1936.

BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

—The phrase, "the benefit of the doubt," by which the Abyssinian delegation remained entitled to sit in the League Assembly during the present session (normally for a year more) is a queer phrase. It suggests first the burking of exhaustive investigation into claims, and therein it suggests the truth. The Credentials Committee did indeed feel that the necessary certainty could only be thrashed out at The Hague, but it realised that investigation at The Hague would take too long, and accordingly the claims of Abyssinia were passed unweighed. But the phrase can also be a butt for cynics, who will ask what kind of "benefit" may come to Abyssinia, or for that matter to the League. Up to now Abyssinia has not derived much benefit from membership of the League, and as for the League, it is by this latest decision faced with still acuter embarrassment. Italy is definitely angered; she has withdrawn from one committee of only comparative importance, and it is not impossible that she will now take steps to leave the League. I do not, as regards the League, accept the cynics' view. The world is not a sweet place to-day, but it is a little less noisome by that League decision which showed us that thirty-nine nations voted for justice and conscience, and damned the consequences for decency's and logic's sake, and preserved the League from unquenchable ridicule; while only four nations put political considerations before those of justice, and only six abstained from taking their share of collective responsibility through cowardice or ulterior considerations. Italy, then, may leave the League, but it is not certain that she will. She has bluffed before and it is known that she does not wish to cut adrift. Her position is strong; the Great Powers are very anxious to get her in for further Locarno talks, she is needed at the councils of Europe concerning the Spanish problems, and the day has not yet come when if she break away from the convention of sane and constitutional nations, she can fall back on a solid bloc of Fascist States. Germany and Italy still sniff at each other like strange dogs and the Spanish war is still unsettled. Whatever flag waves over Madrid, the Government it will represent will be for years to come rather a liability than a prop in any European bloc, and Britain promises resolutely to strengthen her hold on the Mediterranean. I think the world and Europe are sweeter, a little sweeter, for that tardy act of courage and justice, so haphazardly achieved. The spun coin has come down "heads;" the decision has been taken; let us hope the state of the wicket will justify it. We take at least a more cheerful view of international cricket.

OUR HOLD ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

— Sir Samuel, on his return from the Mediterranean in the *Enchantress*, "said it with flowers" of speech, but he said it clearly none the less, that Britain is not relaxing her hold on the Mediterranean. Development of air power has not altered our policy nor endangered our position in the Mediterranean. Our desire, now as ever, is to live at peace with other Mediterranean powers (these were the flowers) *but* we are to press forward the rationalisation of our defences there urgently. Thus Malta is to remain our principal naval base, but its defences are to be greatly strengthened and modernised against the new danger from the air. Gibraltar remains our gateway, Alexandria comes in as a great naval base under the Egyptian treaty, and Cyprus, hitherto a mere Garden of Eden, must inevitably become an important new air and naval base. Its position makes it inevitable. It is handy for the defence of the Haifa pipe-line, it is handy for Alexandria, and it is convenient for the Suez Canal. As an air base its natural facilities are not amiss, but as a naval base it is at present inferior, and before it could be used as an important naval base the harbour either of Limasol or Famagusta would need to be considerably dredged and otherwise treated. The amenities and some of the charm and ancient glories of Cyprus will suffer but those who love Cyprus will be torn between two loyalties—the desire to conserve her charms, and the desire to increase her trade and her importance. The "realtors" are already busy, picking up key sites and other long-shot speculations, and the grousers on the Island who have for years complained of Britain's neglect of Cypriot interests during fifty-eight years, are already slightly reflective concerning the undoubted advantages of being forgotten. Sir Samuel Hoare has returned home resolved to "adapt ourselves to the new conditions" in Mediterranean defence. When we remind ourselves of the importance of that sea to Empire communications, and receive daily evidence of the truculence of Mediterranean dictators, and the blood-lust of Mediterranean peoples, we welcome his assurance and read between his flowers of speech.

MOTORISTS AND MAGISTRATES.

—The Home Office circular to magistrates, designed to secure more uniform treatment of motoring offences, is now in the hands of magistrates all over the country, and we are, needless to say, studying it. The different treatment accorded to the same proved motoring offences in different courts has certainly created widespread doubt as to the common-sense and efficiency of amateur judges. It has helped to create the latest attack on Petty Sessional Courts. Magistrates were given by the Act too wide a discretion to take into account "special reasons" for not "imperilling the livelihood" of grave offenders on the road. In one Surrey court the magistrates' dread of suspending a licence and thus taking away a commercial driver's means of livelihood has been notorious. The most flagrant cases have been consistently punished with fines only (and those trivial fines), and a minority objection by the magistrates of the court that the profession of maining is not one to be safeguarded at all costs, has been too often waved aside. Indeed in that particular court the customary fine for parking a car on common land more than 15 yards from the highway has been on the average higher than that imposed for driving without due care, while suspension of licence has hardly ever been enforced in cases where discretion is accorded to the Bench. Disqualification in cases of driving under the influence of drink has been found to vary over the country's courts between 91 and 36 per cent. of cases of conviction. This discrepancy speaks for itself and cries aloud (as I have cried in the wilderness for years) for more concrete, stronger, and clearer guidance to magistrates. Their discretion is too wide for courts composed of several individuals of strong and varying views and untrained in the law; the Government's view of the gravity of major offences far too obscure. While I agree that motorists as a class are not to be treated as a criminal class, yet drunken and dangerous drivers and those on the border line between careless and dangerous driving, are potential homicides and must be so treated, and they will only be so treated nationally if the Home Office leaves magistrates no option but to suspend licences in all cases which pass a certain limit of criminal carelessness or recklessness. Swindon in my view is perfectly justified in enforcing its speed limit regulations by an intensive campaign, in a town notoriously vulnerable and crowded at certain hours, and in the course of that campaign a few decent people may well suffer for the crimes of the reckless

and selfish. That is a price we have to pay for the blessings of science. There is everything to be said for local campaigns to abate the horrors of the road and for local justice to enforce discipline. But the Home Office must first give a lead to local justice, and bravely and clearly announce that certain types of motorists are better thrown out of employment than left to pursue a trade highly dangerous to others.

THE END OF SLUMS.—

Sir Kingsley Wood last week assured the Bristol City Council that the Government would finish "on time" (or before) its five-year plan to abolish slums in the whole of Britain except its six largest cities. [N.B. The six largest cities in Britain are London, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and I think, Sheffield.] He gave cheerful figures—500,000 slummies already removed to decent homes, and the movement proceeding at the rate of 25,000 per month. Some local authorities (he said) have already done the job and are sitting back to note the beneficial results in health, morals, and stamina. All this sounds excellent. One longs to believe that the discordant notes — the derisive laughter from the body of the hall—which

interrupt such official announcements sometimes have no authority behind them. Some say we are replacing slums with slums, merely changing the residences of fleas and bugs, giving deserts in exchange for prisons, card houses for ruined brick houses, doubling rents for benefits not doubled. Difficulties and criticism are implicit in such work. The slummy will not easily settle down to cleanliness with boredom; he cannot stand alone, he was born propped up in the crowd, and the human interest and mass suggestion of slum life are still his meat and drink. Therefore let no man dream that the slum problem will be over five years on. It cannot be. If there be any truth in that terrible book *No Mean City*—and assuredly there is—such cities as Glasgow and London, too, will be breeding criminals in slumland a generation hence, and scores of new housing estates will rank as slums a decade hence. What our generation is doing is not less notable and praiseworthy on that account. For the first time in our history we are treating this frightful problem as a major issue and rushing on reforms nationally. If we do not come up to small countries like Austria and Holland in our thoroughness and technique, we are at least leaving the big cities of the New World far behind.

CORONATION PRICES.—

It is a sad thought that the Coronation is to be embittered by the profiteers. Whether greed is commercially sound or not is one question. Those who remember earlier jubilees and other celebrations, from the jubilee of '87 onwards, remember how at the last hour seats priced at many guineas could be picked up for a few shillings; and remembering that, one questions whether moderation from the first is not the wisest line of commercial policy. But apart from that question, one wonders why our Coronation must be disgraced by profiteering at all. Has the mania which obsesses British democratic Governments for non-interference with the commercial liberty of the subject no limits? Why on earth should not a price limit for seats be fixed within reasonable proportions? A nation of shopkeepers, we are no doubt out to "spoil the Egyptians," to make the foreigner pay for the privilege of viewing our pageant. But it is surely not good patriotism to disgruntle British citizens from the start, and it is doubtful policy to give our foreign visitors too clear an impression of our commercial greed. £5 a seat is an outrageous price to ask of the average citizen, who cannot wait for the inevitable slump if he is a family man catering for small children for whose safety and comfort other arrangements besides the mere booking of seats are demanded.

PUBLIC MEN — BY THEMSELVES AND OTHERS. —

Two new books have interested me by contrast. Lord Snell's autobiography and Mr. Bechhofer Roberts' *Stanley Baldwin*. The first is an important book, the second is trivial, partial, and petulant. One of the most heartening facts in British social life is the pride of race, patriotism, restraint, and broad-mindedness of most of our Socialist leaders. These men often endured a tragedy of childhood and youth under conditions then obtaining in a capitalist State not yet awakened to consciousness of the horrors of life for the underdog. I have heard, for instance, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Sexton, all speak of the dreadful conditions of their youth, impersonally and without a trace of bitterness. And Lord Snell's autobiography follows along the same fine, restrained, generous lines. He was a child of illiterate parents; his father was an agricultural labourer; hunger was a daily menace. He started to work at the age of twelve, his wage being 2s. a week. He never played a game or enjoyed any recreation, and even laughter was a stranger. Slowly and imperceptibly he worked his way to more established employment and into the fringe of the new Socialist political circles. The Fabians were the chief cradle of this new political religion, for religion it once was, pure and intense in the white heat of ideals and enthusiasms, and one day Snell found himself in Parliament and another day on the Government bench. In memory he had quite enough to make him a Red of the Russian variety. But character and pride of race have made him a safety-prop against the collapse of democracy in Britain. The miracle is revealed of men who have won away from mean environment, speaking lovingly of the country where such existence was tolerated, and kindly of the political leaders under whose Government it still obtains. Lord Snell, when he refers to the political leaders of other parties, speaks of them with a restraint and breadth and courtesy which may well stand as an object lesson to those leaders themselves. And to Mr. Bechhofer Roberts and other political propagandists. There is nothing in writing more tiresome to read than the flogging of somebody's dead donkey. Mr. Baldwin is his dead donkey. He treats of the Premier entirely apart from the times in which he lives, and the dangers through which he has managed to steer us. To make his picture, he sinks Mr. Baldwin's achievements and stresses his failures, and only allows him justice where that courtesy does not run counter to the author's plan.

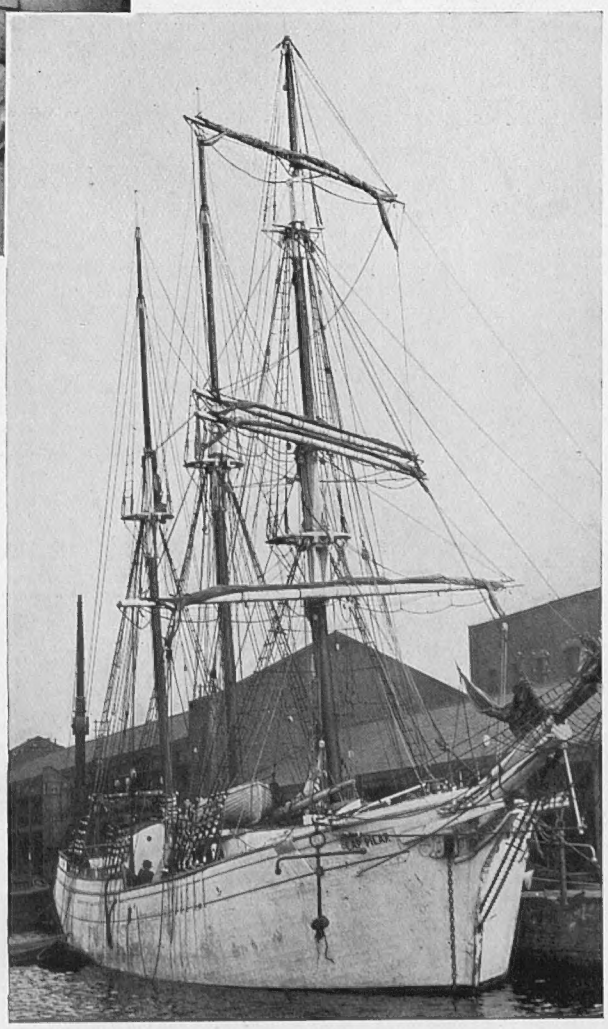
RECULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER?—

The mysteries of currency and so forth are a closed and sealed book to me. The Premiers of France have been united for years in one declaration: that under no circumstances would they suffer the transition of their currency to a lower level. No expert inside or outside France set much store by the declaration, knowing that the rude hand of economic necessity might any day knock the franc down. Nor do the people of France care very much whether or no the franc be devalued, provided always that their domestic budgets do not suffer thereby. To prevent a rise in food prices the prefects have been instructed to assume dictatorial powers and to punish profiteers, and moratoria have been decreed to assist those whose debts would be increased by 30 per cent. by this revolution, while indirect taxation is also to be curtailed in compensation. In the markets of the world the capitulation of the franc fluttered the dovecots in more spectacular fashion, and to stabilise the present situation Britain, France, and the U.S.A. entered into a "gentlemen's agreement" to refrain from competitive devaluation. It comforts me to know that this financial experiment in history may one day mark the turn of the tide after the long post-war years of chaos and storm; and that as from September 28 (or 26) 1936 all the world that *counts* in international business will have no standard of currency which is not determined by the actual values of trade passing between country and country. Whatever this may mean, it sounds like sense and clarification. The doctrine of "internal sufficiency" is counted out and (after a deal of discomfort and doubt and individual loss, no doubt), quotas and exchange agreements should gradually give way under a flow of healthily stimulated world trade. I am only too glad to accept this prophecy blindfold.

PORTSMOUTH–JOHANNESBURG.—

Between 6.30 and 6.40 a.m. on Tuesday September 29 nine machines competing in the Empire air race took off from Portsmouth. A very big crowd of early risers and late waiters saw them go in the half-light. The competitors do not nearly represent the range of British manufacture, but the race will satisfy me if all the machines reach Jo'burg without causing loss of life or limb or property to those taking part in it.

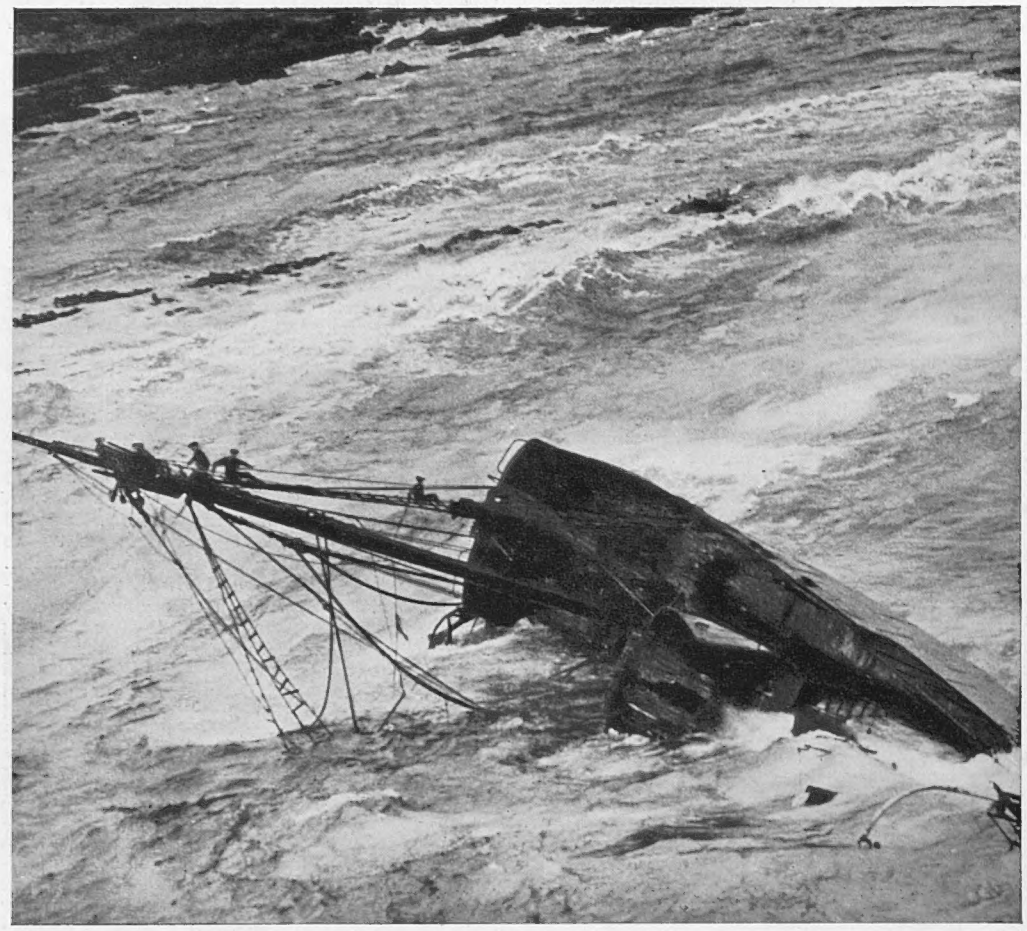
THE OLD STAGER



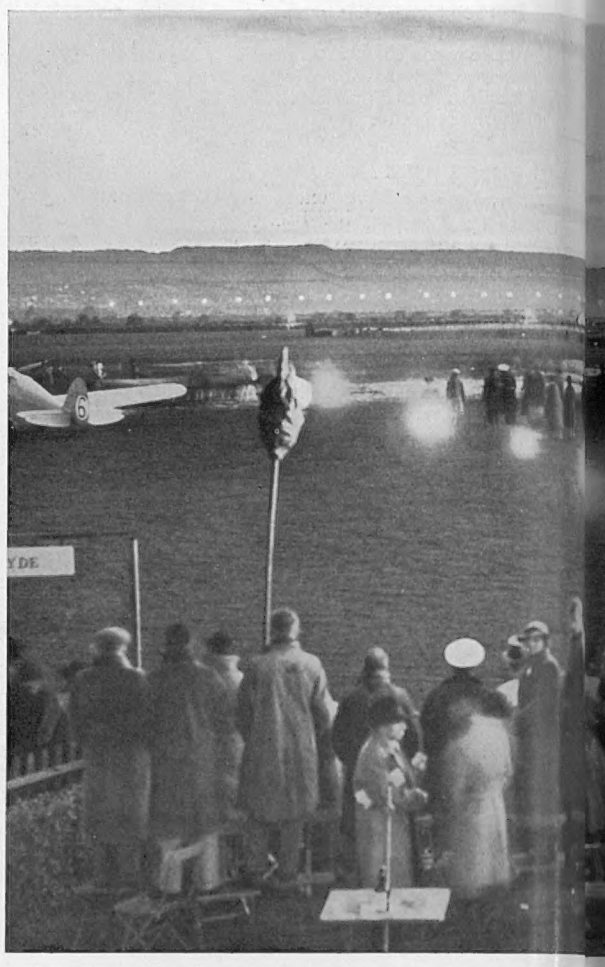
SOUTHWARD HO: The barquentine *Cap Pilar* in East India Dock, London, before leaving on a world voyage during which she will touch at Tristan da Cunha, the lonely island in the South Atlantic, and land mails and food stores for the inhabitants

FOND FAREWELL: A man of the 3rd Carabiniers gives his wife a last good-bye kiss before leaving Feltham Station, Middlesex, at the start of his journey to India where the regiment is bound for a spell of foreign service

WINDOW on th



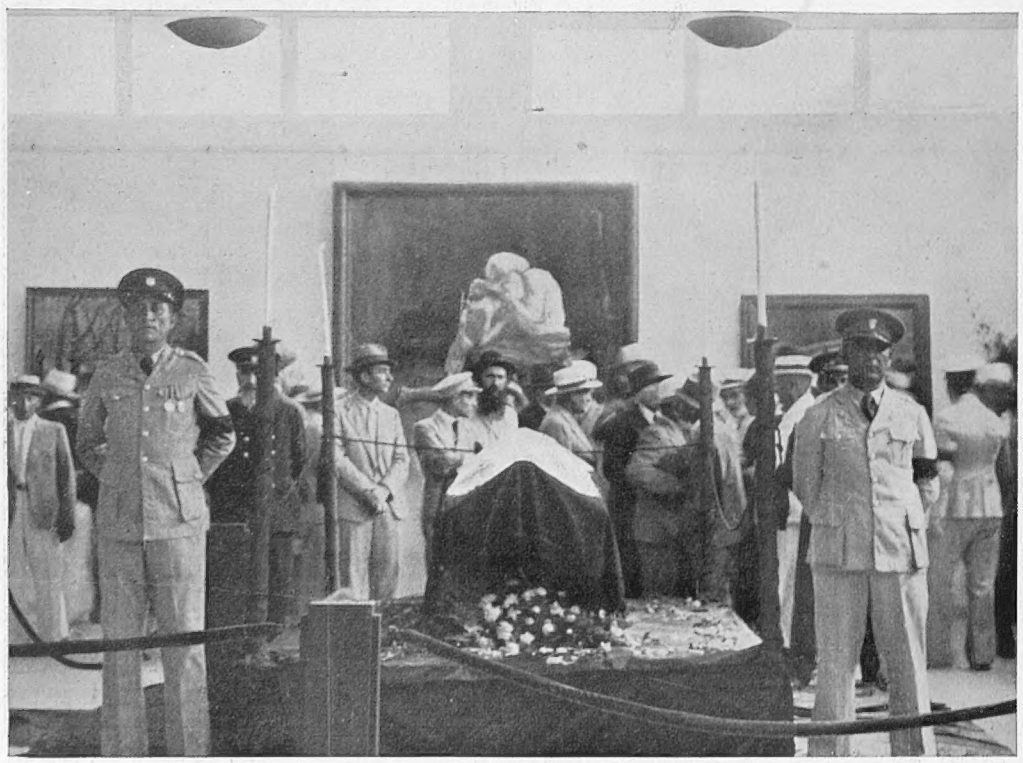
AS ICY SEAS SWEPT UNDER THEM: Members of the crew of the British whaler Solhagen clinging to the rigging after the 179-ton vessel had gone aground off Robben Island, Table Bay, South Africa. Seven of the men were drowned but the five others just managed to hold on until help arrived



WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: The competing planes lined rts Thousands of people walked, bicycled, or motored to a lane clear for the nine machines to take off on

WHEN BLACKSHIRTS FORGATHER: A section of the unruly crowd during the Fascist meeting held last Sunday on Holbeck Moor, Leeds, and addressed by Sir Oswald Mosley, when fifty people were injured, twelve of them so severely that they had to be taken to the Infirmary. Stones were thrown and catapulted at Sir Oswald in the course of his speech, one of the missiles hitting his cheek. Afterwards there was a general scuffle which necessitated the use of batons by the police

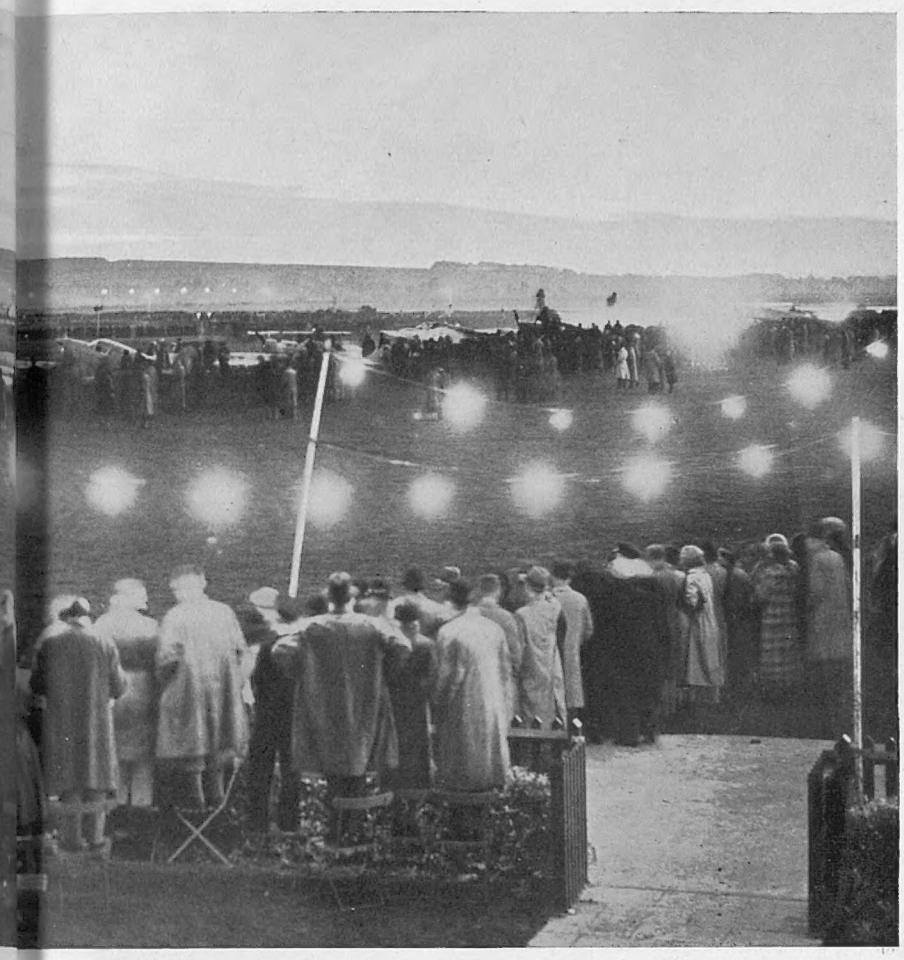
THE FAMILY AMBASSADOR: Mr. Randolph Churchill with TH actress sister, Miss Sarah Churchill, whom he followed to York after hearing reports of her intended marriage to Mr. Oliver, the actor. Mr. Churchill refused to make a state



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF MEIR DIZENGOFF, who died last week at Tel Aviv, the all-Jewish city in Palestine, of which he had been Mayor for 27 years, and of which he was one of the founders. Tel Aviv started as a few houses on the sand dunes near Jaffa, and to-day boasts 150,000 inhabitants

AN EPIC DUEL: Jock McLean, of Scotland, and Johnny Fis TR of Cincinnati, who met in the final of the Amer Amateur Championship; the latter winning at the 37th

WORLD: A Pictorial Survey of Current Happenings at Home and Abroad



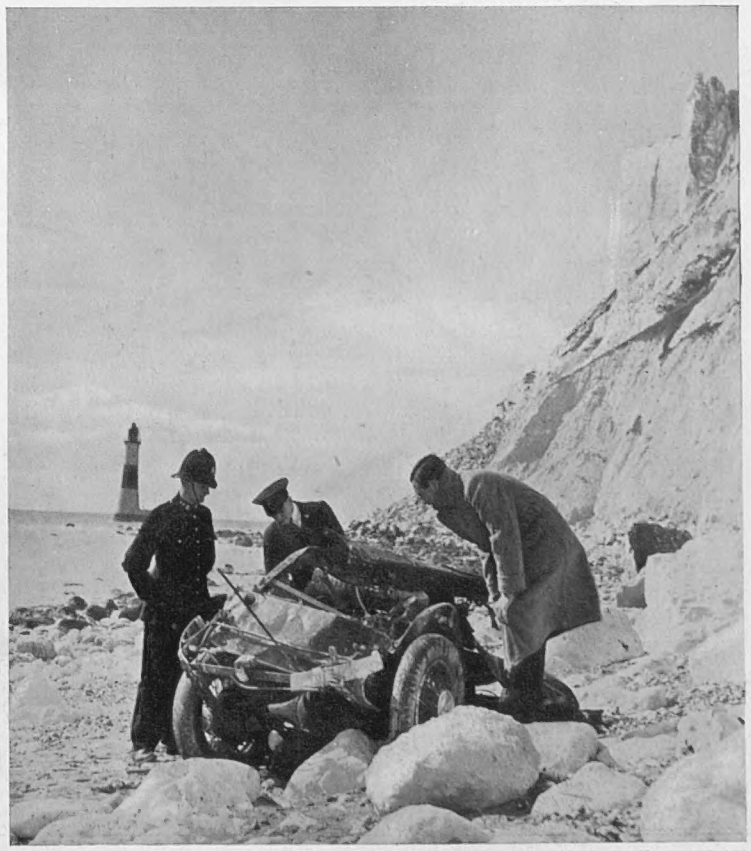
ed rtsmouth at dawn last Tuesday, before the start of the great Johannesburg air race. tport during the night, and the police and volunteer helpers had a tremendous task keeping on 000-mile journey. The prize money of £10,000 is being given by a Rand business man

THE START AT DAWN: The Airspeed Envoy piloted by Mr. Kenneth Waller, holder of the Australia-England record, and Mr. Max Findlay, at Portsmouth airport before being flagged off in the Johannesburg race. A last minute rush of the crowd made matters very difficult for the two airmen and they had trouble in seeing the starter's signal

TROUBLE IN CUBA: Sticks of dynamite found in a truck outside the offices of a newspaper at Havana after another truck, containing a similarly deadly load, had been blown up by a time bomb in neighbouring Concordia Street. Four persons were killed and twenty injured

QUEEN ENA IN NEW YORK: Her Majesty hurrying to her car outside the Medical Centre, New York, after paying a visit to the bedside of her son, the Count of Covadonga, who was recovering from his second illness this year. He is a victim of the dread bleeding disease, haemophilia

END OF AN HISTORIC FLIGHT: Mr. Harry Richman (fourth from right foreground) and Mr. Dick Merrill (second from right) at Musgrave Harbour, Newfoundland, where their plane came down and buried its undercarriage in a bog after completing its double Atlantic crossing



500-FT. DEATH PLUNGE: After this smashed car was found at the foot of Beachy Head, a policeman searched the cliff face and discovered the body of its owner, Mr. Joshua Myers, of Thornton Heath

GERMANY TESTS HER NEW ARMY

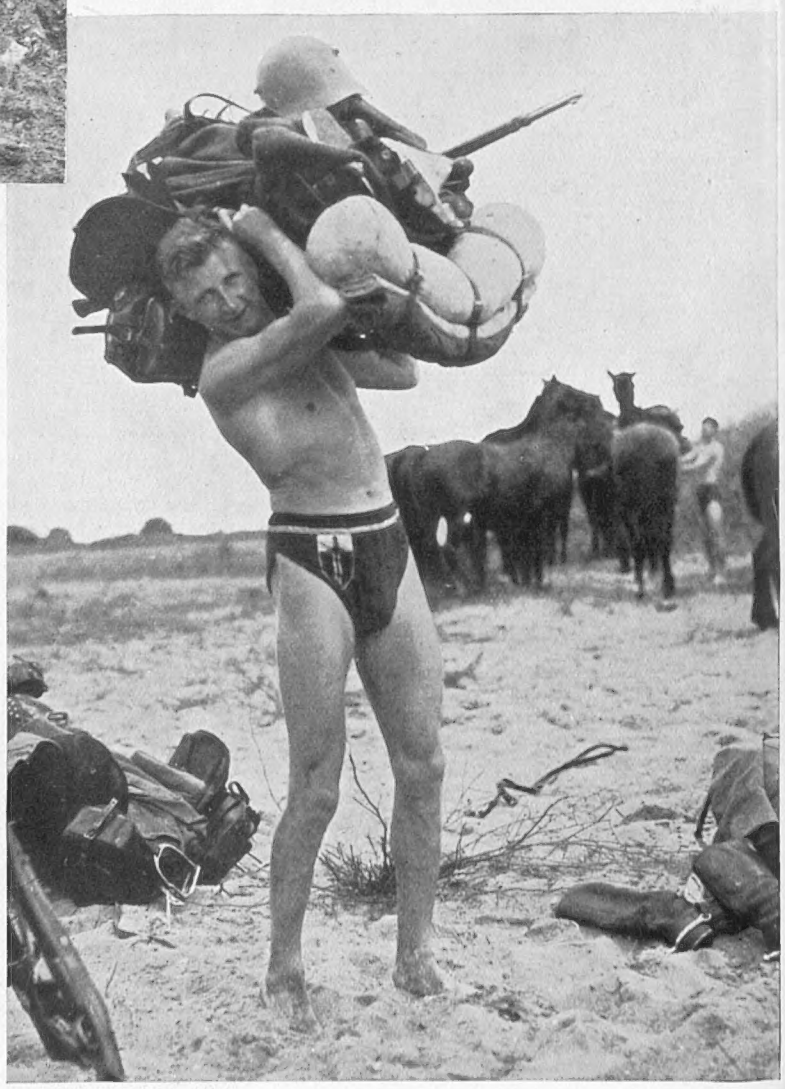
Manœuvres near Frankfort-on-Main and Frankfort-on-Oder

DRAWING A HEAVY FIELD GUN INTO ACTION: Artillerymen taking part in the German army manœuvres which were held last week in a wooded and hilly region in Hesse, north of Frankfort-on-Main, and also near Frankfort-on-Oder. The troops were nearly all conscripts of one year's training

ONE OF THE NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS which are fired from mountings in the ground and can be set up and brought into action in 15 minutes. They reach a distance of 36,000 ft. and are reputed to be able to fire 30 rounds a minute. The attachment at the muzzle end known as a "muzzle brake" serves to reduce heavy recoil

A TEST FOR THE TANKS: Five-ton whippets crossing a gully when supporting an infantry advance. During the exercises they demonstrated that they could move quite well over ploughed land and at 25 m.p.h. over less difficult country. The crews consist of two men, a driver and a gunner, the latter having two machine guns under his control in the turret. This is only the second year that tanks have been used on peacetime manœuvres in Germany and they are still regarded as a novelty

RESISTING THE BLUE ARMY'S ADVANCE: A heavy machine-gun unit of the Red force which by reason of its vast quantities of these weapons was able to put up a stout defence against superior numbers before making a well organised retreat



STRIPPED FOR ACTION: A cavalryman, with his uniform and accoutrements neatly bundled together, ready to wade across a shallow reach of the River Oder. This was perhaps the most spectacular of the movements carried out during last week's exercises, and provided a reminder that cavalry have a usefulness and a mobility even in these days of intense mechanisation

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

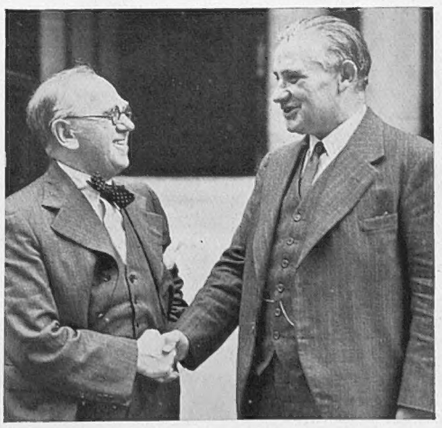
SOME NAMES THAT HAVE BEEN MAKING NEWS

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS GOES GOLFING: His Majesty with Mlle Denise Oury, the Belgian women's champion, with whom he recently played on the links at Spa. He went round in 76

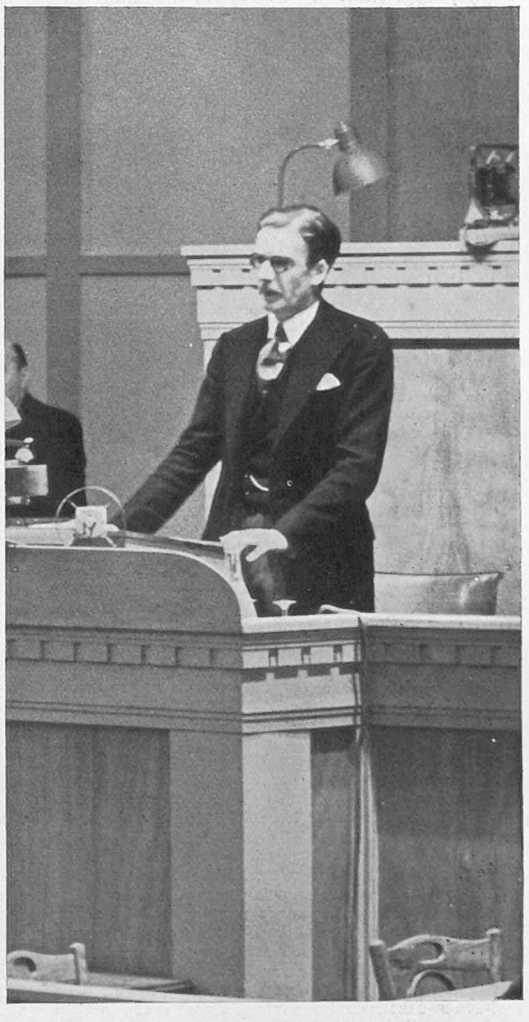
CHIEF MORNING LIGHT: This is the name given by the Indians to Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, who is pictured here in a plumed headgear at a sports meeting in the Marly Indian Reserve, near Calgary

THE FIRST LORD RETURNS: Sir Samuel Hoare saluting after disembarking from the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, on arrival at Portsmouth at the end of his tour of inspection of the naval bases in the Mediterranean. Sir Samuel, in a subsequent statement, emphasised the importance of Britain's maintaining these bases at full strength

ROYAL PRIZE WINNERS: The Mayor of Finsbury, Alderman Charles Simmons, with three months' old Gwendolin Skilton and two months' old Timothy Garrad, winners of the two coverlets sent by Queen Mary to the baby show at Claremont Central Mission, Pentonville Road



THE NEW T.U.C. CHIEF: Mr. Ernest Bevin (right) being congratulated after his unopposed election to the Chairmanship of the Trades Union Council. He may possibly make an attempt to enter Parliament when opportunity offers

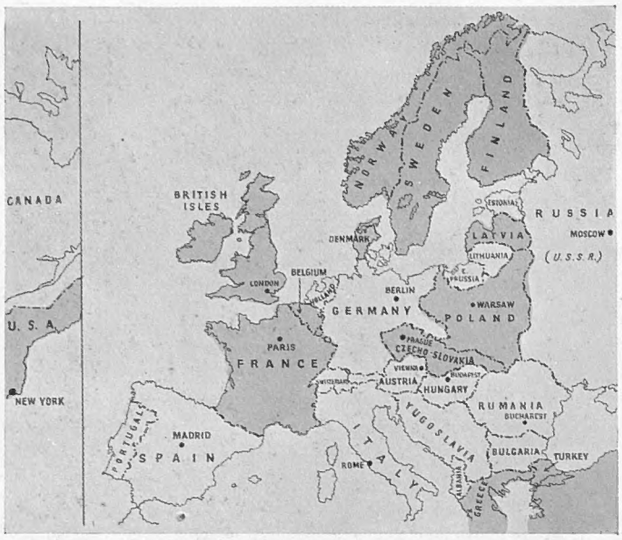


MR. EDEN ON THE ROSTRUM: Britain's Foreign Secretary delivering his big speech at Geneva last week, when he reaffirmed his faith in the League, but urged the necessity for the collaboration of all the principal Powers to give it its full authority. "There is nothing essentially wrong with its general principles," he continued, "and a logical and reasonable system can be constructed upon it"

EXIT THE GOLD BLOC

A Barrier to World Peace and World Trade at Last Removed

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

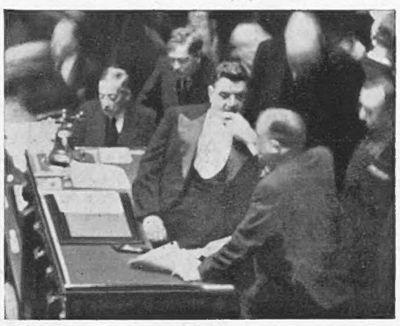


THE AREAS OF STABLE MONEY are shaded in this map drawn up to illustrate the new currency alignment which came into being as France decided to devalue. The other countries have their own arrangements, and the question now arises, when will they fall into line?

SO the gold bloc capitulates at last—by agreement; even with the friendly aid of the controllers of the besieging forces of pound and dollar. If the great war could have ended thus, in an equitable agreement in 1916 or 1917, instead of a "victory" and a "defeat" which in the end only resulted in a Hohenzollern being replaced by a Hitler, while the nations gird their loins for a new war, the history of the post-war years might be less lamentable than it is.

It looks a trifle far-fetched to drag in the war of 1914–18 in discussing the politico-financial operation of September, 1936, whereby the French franc, revalued in 1928 at 65½ milligrammes of gold of 900–1,000 fineness (one-fifth of the pre-war gold value), is clipped to a new value of 43–49 milligrammes of gold. But when M. Blum in Paris and Mr. Morgenthau in Washington link world peace as well as world trade to this franc devaluation affair, they are translating the money puzzle into its ultimate human terms.

A little history illuminates the phenomena which we now witness; a 3s. jump in the sterling price of gold, the biggest one-day movement ever recorded, a rise in commodity-based shares, a fall in British Government stocks, selling of gold by private holders, all night uproar in the French Parliament, all-day excitement in the markets where astute gentlemen deal in francs, pounds, dollars, pesos, lire, zlotys, pengoes, and all the rest of the national money counters.



ANXIOUS HOURS: M. Herriot, President of the French Chamber, and M. Vincent Auriol, the Finance Minister, in conversation during the all day and night debate on the Bill for devaluing the franc. M. Blum's Government finally secured a majority of 129

Opinions differ about the cause of the great war, but there is no enigma about the cause of the economic war. It emerged from the great war, and may be said to have started on the day that signatures were appended to the peace treaties in Paris. Nation closed with nation in a struggle for trade in a world which had come unstuck from its old stable-money moorings.

The European belligerents were paying for their part in the war by clipping the coin (it's an old Greek and Roman custom) or running their money off the map. In other words, having borrowed from their citizens, they got rid of the debt by wiping out the money in which it had been contracted (the German method), or they lightened it by cutting the value of the money by four-fifths (the French and Italian method). The British, world traders and world bankers, made a struggle to save the "honour"—the integrity—of the pound. Mr. Montagu Norman and other bankers persuaded Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill (ignorant in the money realm, as he has since confessed) to agree to restore the gold value of the pound so that it could "look the dollar in the face" again.

Thus, in 1925 the pound was re-harnessed to gold; £4¼ equalled one ounce of gold, and one of these gold-based pounds equalled 4·866 dollars. Most of the nations followed the Anglo-American gold lead, and stabilised their currencies on gold. "Now," said the bankers (not all; Mr. Reginald McKenna, of the Midland Bank, was a rebel), "we have re-constructed the international society which the war disrupted. It is once again safe on a base of gold money and stable exchanges. Trade can run freely again in all the world channels. We are out of the soup."

An error. The British pound was over-valued compared with other currencies; and when a trading and manufacturing country is in this situation, it is at a disadvantage: its costs are too high, and it is out-sold on a price basis in world markets by its competitors. The additional burden of war debt payments to America in gold, and the fact that France cannily refrained from stabilising her currency until 1928, and then re-valued at a rate which gave her a great competitive advantage (she piled up that mighty gold hoard of £1,000,000,000 by drawing her favourable trade balances year after year in gold), assured that in time something has to crack.

It was the bankers' gold-based world that cracked. Trade depression and unemployment, which has been a peculiarly British phenomenon, became a world phenomenon. It was then perceived that a great mistake had been made in valuing money so high in terms of gold in 1925. Debts were expressed in gold, and the vast debt burden created by the war (Britain went into the war with a national debt of £700,000,000 and came out with a debt of £7,700,000,000) was breaking everybody's back. In Germany, social misery increased until, in the final struggle between Communism and Fascism, the industrialists at last allied themselves with the landowners, and Hitler won his political gamble, and supreme power. In the United States, Hoover lost to Roosevelt for precisely the same reason that Bruening lost to Hitler.

In stable old Britain, the factions stopped fighting, coalesced in a national Government—and unhitched the pound from gold. The pound promptly fell in value, and Britain was saved. It was at this moment, possibly, that civilisation, too, was saved.

The Americans followed the British lead. They cut the gold content of the dollar 41 per cent. One ounce of gold was now exchangeable for 35 dollars. The dollar-pound exchange rate was equalized again. One had been able to get £30 for 100 dollars; now, one got, as before, only £20 for 100 dollars.

The Anglo-American money exchange position was straightened out. But the Europeans, led by France, remained out of step. The representatives of sixty nations had met at the Geological Museum in London to try to negotiate a peace treaty to end the economic war which threatened to crash their civilisation. They had only one real task: the fixing of a new price for gold in terms of all currencies. But they could not agree; and the world split into a sterling bloc, a dollar bloc, and a gold bloc, headed by Britain, the United States, and France respectively, with the other nations adhering to one or the other, or walking a tightrope of their own.

Britain now has staged an astonishing financial and economic recovery, which is shared by all countries in the sterling area. (Sweden, her money linked to sterling, enjoys a record prosperity, and has no unemployment). America is well on the road to full recovery. The gold-bloc countries alone have so far not shared in world recovery; and of these, France, the leader, has suffered most. The economic situation had degenerated to a point in France where serious observers wondered whether she might not go the way of Spain: armed Fascists versus armed workers.

Britain went through all this when her pound was linked to gold at a rate which made her goods too dear to buy. She went through the gamut of unemployment, the general strike, default on the war debt, decay of the national industrial equipment and world-trading apparatus, decline of the tourist trade, a Socialist Government, and, finally a national politico-financial crisis. But her situation, internal and external, was never as dangerous as that of France had become by the summer of 1936.

Economic realities do not emerge from political situations; political situations are rooted in economic realities. Even a dictatorship cannot long survive inexorable economic pressures, unless the patriotic spirit is evoked, so that men will suffer on instead of revolting.

A democracy must relieve the pressure—by abandoning a gold system, in the British manner, or by clipping the coin and doubling the national debt through vast relief distributions and public works programmes, in the American manner—or break up in a Right–Left civil war, in the Spanish manner, or turn over to a Fascist or Communist regime, which nips the civil war in the bud by brutal suppressions and persecutions, and treats strikes, protests, criticisms, as crimes against the State, punishable by death or the concentration camp.

France has chosen the Anglo-American road. It was a choice of that or the Spanish road, or German-Italian-Russian roads. In these things politicians, bankers, and the various economic classes can choose, but their choice is severely limited. There are no alternatives in our world to the range of choice noted, nor will there be while the human family is divided into nations which are obliged to sustain life by taking in one another's washing.

Whether one likes the Capitalist system or prefers the Communist, the fact remains that an amicable monetary peace agreement between the three chief world centres, London, Washington, and Paris, is a triumph for the first and a blow for the last. This explains the paradoxical hostility of the Moscow-financed French Communist party to franc devaluation (in Britain and America it is supposed to be fat bankers and bloated capitalists who oppose money devaluation). It may also be a clue to the offer by the Soviet State Bank in the New York exchange market of £1,000,000 sterling for sale "at any price"—an offer which the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, who used the American £400,000,000 exchange equalisation fund to buy the sterling before it banged the dollar-pound exchange rate more than nine cents—interpreted as an attempt to jerk a spanner into the new currency peace machinery.

If this first step of sterling-dollar-gold bloc money agreement—on the basis of money cheapened to the dollar-pound level (not much more than half the gold value of the old 1925 gold level) and not raised to the franc old-gold-parity level—succeeds in securing economic peace, it may well be the prelude to political peace. The nations will have an opportunity not only to rebuild their economic life, but to expand that life and find outlets in other fields than those of war.

The revival of French trade will "stop the rot" in France, make it easier for Britain to co-operate with her, and lessen the risk of Germany being either encouraged by a weakened and divided France, or incensed by the rise on her western frontier of a Red France allied to Russia by bonds of class interest which, as we have seen in Spain, can be stronger even than national sentiment.

We should begin to see the gradual unfreezing of international debts and investments and the rehabilitation of foreign bonds. We may find Britain resuming payments (but not in gold) on a readjusted war debt, Germany straightening out her debt position, international lending starting again, and gold gradually flowing out to irrigate the world from the centres where it has been hoarded and frozen away from use.

We should see world trade reviving (recovery so far has been based on expansion of domestic markets), and a larger consumption of commodities, with a rising price level, and this in turn will help recovery in the primary-producing areas, the mainsprings of our economic world.

BOOM IN THE CITY: Curbside dealing in Throgmorton Street after the Stock Exchange had closed last Monday, when brokers continued to deal in "Kaffirs" which had made big rises as a result of the devaluation in the franc and the consequent increase in the price of gold. Similar scenes were witnessed in Johannesburg where buying of gold shares was even heavier

Harvest Time

In German Vineyards and American Cottonfields

VINTAGE 1936: *Above*—A veteran worker handling some of the grapes in a Rhineland vineyard where the year's crop will soon be gathered. The prospects in this wine producing region, famous for its full bodied hocks, are not too good this season and, on account of unsuitable weather, "the berries" (says one expert) "are abundant but in many cases unevenly developed; a state of affairs that can only be remedied by continuous sunshine until mid-October." *Right*—Spraying vines with a nicotine mixture to destroy insect pests. A scene in the Moselle country where growth has also been retarded by the abnormal rain of the past few months. At the present moment the German Government is making a great effort to encourage the home consumption of the country's wines, and, as a result of nation-wide propaganda, hosts of people will shortly be flocking to participate in the "Weinfest," which will be held in practically every town and village of the Rhine

THE MACHINE THAT MAY REVOLUTIONISE AN INDUSTRY: Missouri business men and agriculturists gathered round the new cotton harvester—the invention of John and Mack Rust—when it was demonstrated at Stoneville and revealed its immense possibilities by its speed in operation. Modifications will be necessary before it becomes a practical proposition, however, as at present it does not work as cleanly as the more experienced hand-pickers, and is not at its best when on uneven ground. It has also been noted that the cotton is sometimes stained and that extraneous matter is drawn in by the mechanism

KING EDWARD'S EUROPE

The Vital Part that the Royal Traveller Can Play in the Renewal of Britain's Prestige Abroad

AMBASSADOR

His Majesty at a railway carriage window during his historic holiday journey through Europe

THAT excessive French cares and worries precluded the King from relaxing at Golfe Juan, where His Majesty had leased the walled-off Villa Horizon rising on rocks bathed by the blue, turned out a concealed piece of good fortune, the substitute holiday along the Adriatic and Levant and in Austria not only yielding pretty well the same in the way of rest and renewal, but also providing a highly welcome spurt in this country's somewhat disarranged prestige, all the more palatable for its not being in any way awaited. The recast holiday did more. It opened our eyes to the considerable possibilities of similar visits in the future by the most popular ruler of the century to a distraught Continent, most of which is only asking for just the dispelling of tension and re-ushering of friendliness that the Duke of Lancaster's passage conferred.

If King Edward is rightly spoken of as one of the most widely travelled men living, it is none the less so that his travels have been directed away from the snarling and impossible Europe of the war's aftermath. True enough, as Prince of Wales he visited several countries near at hand. Following grandfatherly preference, his first port of call was probably Biarritz—one recollects a fair, slim, and fearfully energetic young man at Helianthe, high on the Côte Basque, in 1926. The Prince was still going to Biarritz two years ago when growing inroads on privacy diverted him elsewhere—Lord Moyne's yacht round Spain, the Earl of Rocksavage's protected Cannes Villa Roc.

In 1927, several of us were sent to Seville, where the Prince was visiting the Spanish King and Queen and was supposed—quite idiotically—to be getting betrothed to one of the young Infantas. His Royal Highness further saw Brussels, the Hague, and the three Scandinavian capitals, and in more recent times took a firm liking for Budapest and Vienna, and looked in on Kitzbuehel to which he brought fortune.

Yet what gaps are suggested by the above recapitulation! We have only to cast back to King Edward VII lolling on deck at Reval with the Tsar, or as guest of his nephew in the Meteor or Hohenzollern at Kiel. Or taking the cure at Marienbad and at the same time thoroughly delving into European currents. In his *Thirty Years* Mr. Wickham Steed tells how he used to be summoned from Vienna to such occasions. There would be shooting at Ischl, too, with old Franz-Joseph. Nor was Edouard Sept ever very long absent from his beloved Paris (and very much on the job when there). The result of it all was that some people called him Edward the Peacemaker, and others, the Evil Encircler. Have you remarked that the fates may quite conceivably so operate as to bestow similar labels upon his grandson?

Not that there is any likelihood now of King Edward becoming the inveterate Continental super-diplomat and wire-puller that his grandfather grew to be; even if the times allowed it, his present Majesty must ever feel the call of the wider world and — maybe augmentingly so — of the United States in particular. On the other hand, there is patent call and opportunity for the King to extend the meagre European travel record that unkind times allotted his father. Not that King George ever liked leaving England in his last thirty years. However, that is beside the point, which is that exception made of Flanders and Artois, a victory visit to Paris, and a convalescing cruise to Italy in 1925, the Continent had not beheld a King of England for twenty-two years, until the other day.

What a different Europe our newly-crowned sovereign will pay courtesy calls on, or visit demi-officially from time to time—"demi" being an Army term conveying correctly enough what happens—compared with the conditions prevailing when King George travelled abroad in 1911–14. And is it to be wondered at, in view of the widespread hoping against hope and the fact that King Edward is recognised as every bit as much a leader of his (free) people as any Duce or Fuehrer, that royal travels-to-come look like stirring only increasing attention?

In fact it is hard to see how his journeying Majesty will be able to avoid becoming King overnight, from Duke of Lancaster—or so, at any rate, in the foreign popular mind. In August he began by being Duke, and that went on until about Athens or the Dardanelles, when there was a definite change-over to King, which lasted until the Duke reappeared up at Pera, after due formalities had been observed with Kemal Ataturk. Formalities with Ataturk? Probably very few, for the gentleman hates that sort of thing, preferring

By FERDINAND TUOHY

to sit at cafés and places. If, as reported, the King and the Turkish President took a mutual liking to each other, one need scarcely look further than their joint hankering to be the ordinary man.

But it was in Vienna that King and Duke alternated most alarmingly—again, in the popular mind as this is composed by the newspapers. One day the visitor would be passed and allowed as 100 per cent. ducal, as when paying for the public Turkish bath, or dining in the Three Huzzars, only for him to emerge the very next morning as Edward the New Encircler. Of the various fabulous tales printed about His Majesty's alleged dark diplomatic activities, possibly the cake goes to that telling how the day with Baron Eugene Rothschild was really devoted to arranging how Austria might re-arm, using English factories, though heaven knows why we should want to re-arm Austria. However, I read a long account from the Vienna correspondent of Belgium's national organ, the *Soir*, which indicates how rumours connected with future travels of the King ought to be watched in Whitehall. They are still too aloof and on their perch to do such watching, but they'll come round one day, even as the B.B.C. has begun to nibble at the notion of broadcasting denials of the more damaging fictions against this country. We are dealing with an interlude of sorcery and lies to combat which belongs to much of a like category as more obvious forms of strengthening up.

THE KING AT THE BUILDING TRADES EXHIBITION: His Majesty about to enter his car after making an hour's tour of the stands at Olympia, where he showed his keen practical interest in the problems of slum clearance and in the latest innovations in building practice and equipment. It was his first public appearance since returning to England after his cruising holiday

MONARCH

Driving from St. James's Palace to a levee at Buckingham Palace in his gilded coach of State

The Rome *Stampa* was at least not entirely unintelligible in declaring that the King's cruise along the Dalmatian coast "led everywhere to an awakening of initiatives of course directed against Italian influence in this sea. Particularly, a study was made to see if, from becoming a trap and a prison for a fleet seeking sanctuary along it, this coast could not be transformed into an offensive base against Italy."

Needless to say, we know what really happened. The King is an intelligent man. He knows, few better, that we've been taking a knock or two. Finding himself switched to the Adriatic by a chance circumstance, he quite naturally thought to improve the occasion by meeting such close personal London friends as Prince Paul, Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, and main force holding out against an onrush of Nazi influence on that country, and King George of Greece, in whose vital little land a dictatorship has just been set up by the pro-Nazi Metaxas. Incidentally, the measure of the King's success in Greece may be deduced from Dr. Goebbels' swift subsequent aerial arrival at Athens at the head of a "mission of enquiry." Conjurer Schacht having latterly arranged that the Reich should pay off some £2,500,000 of its £4,000,000 Greek indebtedness by supplying armaments, tireless little all-Aryan Joseph intended seeing that this English King didn't butt in on the pro-German current said armaments must "definitely" create among Greeks. More. By means of an astutely sown propaganda, as only Goebbels can arrange this charming weapon, things may shortly be expected to hum against Albion and Democracy in Attic latitudes.

Will King Edward ever visit Berlin? Rome? Or even Moscow? These are questions which no doubt have lingered in many minds. After all, our First Ambassador got away triumphantly last month with visits to two ex-enemy lands, Turkey and Austria (with a dart at a third, Bulgaria). Yet the others are different, decidedly.

As far as can be picked out, the answer to Moscow must be in the negative, although how such a keen social student and building fan as His Majesty has shown himself, would be interested in the vast Soviet experiment.

Both Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini have exhibited signs of admiration of our Sovereign—personal telegrams and so forth, the Fuehrer referring to His Majesty as a *Frontsoldat*, highest German term of honour. Alas, though, one does not as yet espy any prospect of a visit, which would be too committing, to either Germany or Italy save by the royal Dukes, announcing their brother's Coronation. All the more regrettable in the Italian case, in that there can have been no more popular foreigner in that country during 1918 than the G.S.O.3 of Lord Cavan's 14th Corps. The Prince used purposely to wear only the M.C. when fleetingly in Milan or Rome, but he would be recognised and greeted. I recollect such a scene in Cova's restaurant, in the Lombardy capital, and a far more enthusiastic occasion at the Costanzi theatre, in Rome, when a still timid young officer was made to speak in Italian from a stage box.

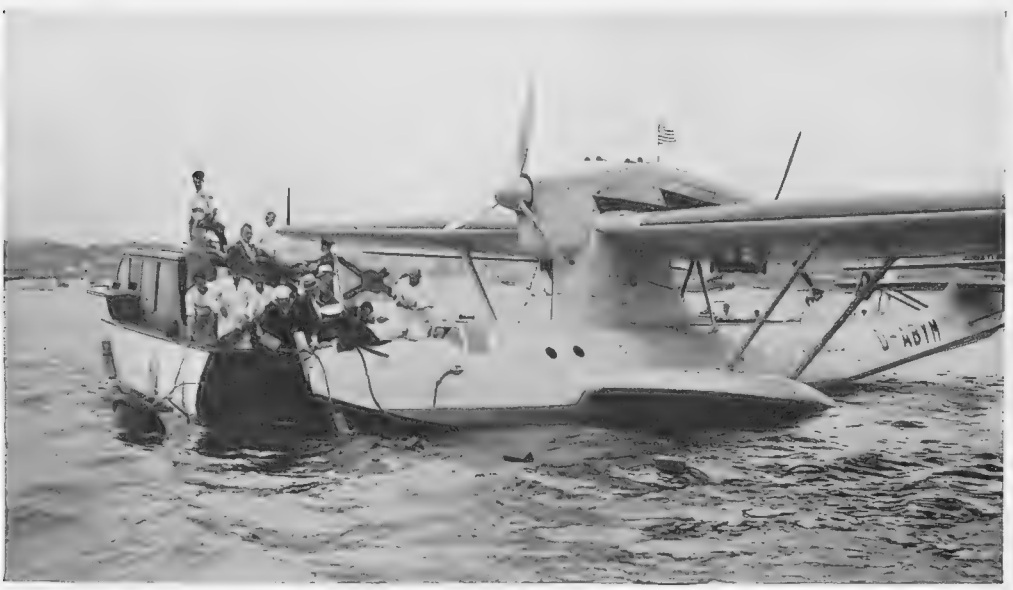
How distressing is the Italian mess if one remembers the extraordinarily good terms we were on with the civilian population—no foreign troops can ever have been made to feel so welcome!

(Continued on page 34)

Sphere Survey

AVIATION PROPAGANDA IN FRANCE: This great motor van, fitted up as a travelling exhibition, recently left Paris on a tour of the country, during which it will visit hundreds of important towns and cities as part of the Air Ministry scheme for increasing popular interest in flying and gaining new recruits for the Air Force. The vehicle is designed in sections which are telescoped together before moving off, as its unusual length would otherwise prevent its negotiating the more difficult bends met with en route

EPIC FLIGHT: Captain Janusz and Lieutenant Brenk, who piloted the Polish balloon L.O.P.P. in the Gordon Bennett race, taking off from Warsaw on August 30 with the other competitors. Nothing was heard of them for twelve days, and they had been given up for lost when news came through that they had made a forced landing in an uninhabited part of North Russia, afterwards walking sixty-five miles to the nearest telegraph office. As they had flown just over a thousand miles from the starting point they were awarded second place in the race



SURVEYING THE OCEAN ROUTE: The Lufthansa flying boat, *Aeolus*, employed to gather weather data for Germany's proposed North Atlantic air service, being moored on arrival at the Pan-American seaplane base at Port Washington, Long Island. The machine started from the Azores, and flew to the American coast by way of Hamilton, Bermuda. Special long-distance fuel tanks were fitted for the journey

CLEAN SWEEP: The householder brushes the swastika and the hammer and sickle from his door—one of the propaganda posters employed by the People's Party in the recent Swedish elections which resulted in a Socialist victory

THE MUSIC OF CORRÈZE: The picturesquely clad delegates from Tulle who took part in the French Folklore Congress at Vichy a few days ago and entertained spectators with their quaint musical instruments

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: Five men, thought to be tramps taking a ride, were burnt to death when these oil cars left the rails and caught on fire near Klondike, Missouri

ONE OF NATURE'S SAFETY VALVES: An aerial impression of White Island, the lone, forbidding sentinel in the Bay of Plenty which the Maoris have aptly named "The Home of the Devil." The island is shaped like an immense bowl, with a vast volcanic crater in the centre, and has rich sulphur deposits which have never been worked successfully

THE North Island of New Zealand presents an unrivalled example of thermal activity; in it are concentrated all the pent-up forces of volcanic activity, which frequently assert themselves in no uncertain manner.

The main centre of activity is in the middle of the island with Rotorua as the headquarters. In that area geysers, hot springs, and boiling mud holes are innumerable, and a line which shows exceptional activity can be drawn on the map from Tongariro right across the Bay of Plenty, to a small island 40 miles off the coast called White Island.

Tongariro and Ruapehu are still active volcanoes and have ejected mud, lava, and ashes comparatively recently. White Island, a lone, forbidding sentinel at sea seems to be one of Nature's safety valves, forever steaming and erupting sulphur and sulphurous matter. Perhaps its main volcanic energy was exhausted many years ago, but I have serious doubts upon this point, as whenever there is unusual thermal activity the island behaves in sympathy and is a good place to be away from.

The Maori, picturesque always, and ever apt in descriptive powers, very suitably named the island —the "Home of the Devil."

There is evidence to prove that large portions of White Island have in ages past from time to time been blown into eternity, to-day its area is slightly under 600 acres.

White Island is the home of countless sea birds who nest on the outer slopes and their deposits prove that the island has existed for countless thousands of years in much the same condition as it is to-day.

My visit to White Island some years ago was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. To be candid, the main reaction was a desire to leave quickly, but one cannot fail to realise the beauty of the vicious forces of Nature, steaming with sombre warning from the outer slopes, crowned with bright green vegetation, which terminate in a pink rocky summit which reminds one forcibly of the ultimate fate of one of the wonders of the world, the pink and white terraces of Tarawera.

The island is shaped like an immense bowl, and in a small bay littered with huge rocks there is a landing with a concrete jetty, and close by are quite a number of factory buildings, recording the days when men lived on the "Home of the Devil" and worked the rich sulphur deposits; to-day the island is occupied solely by legions of sea birds, but quite recently White Island was purchased by an Australian syndicate, whose primary object, I am told, was to produce salt in commercial quantities by evaporation of sea water; perhaps one day they may turn their attention also to the rich sulphur deposits.

While investigating the commercial aspect after the war a company was formed to exploit the large deposits of guano, but this was literally a "washout" as it was found that the rainfall in the locality was so heavy that all the ammonia was washed out of the guano and it was rendered useless. However, White Island has the only extensive deposits of sulphur in the British Empire.

In the centre of the island is a vast volcanic crater having an area of about 150 acres, and after landing, flat ground is crossed with a crusty surface; there are quaintly shaped hummocks, and everywhere threatening cliffs, which are shining white, yellow, pink, and even green, in the sun, and from all quarters can be seen small wisps of steam.

Typical formations of sulphur and gypsum are passed, and caves of gypsum crystals mingled with sulphur, lumps of the latter substance can be picked up on all sides, and there are even columns and stalactites of pure sulphur.

Everywhere there are numerous active geysers, hurling mud and water into the air, also boiling pools of mud and pools of acid green, yellow, and blue; one of the pools consists of 13 per cent. sulphuric acid and another 11 per cent. of hydrochloric acid.

In spite of the isolation, there is a never-ending noise reminding one rather forcibly of Dantë's inferno, a perpetual roar, deepening in volume, the main din coming from a huge blow-hole fifty yards wide, the safety valve of the island which apparently descends into the bowels of the earth. This revelation of Nature's pent-up force is nerve shattering, and apparently in contempt bred by familiarity those who know the island well have named it "Roaring Jimmy."

The fumes and steam are stifling and, like the created scenes of some fantastic pantomime, the blow-hole emits flame-like effects, accompanied by a thin red veil of dust like fine haematite which coats and colours all the surrounding rocks. In every unexpected place there are vents and fissures from which steam issues, and "Roaring Jimmy" is for ever boiling over and spilling hot mud and pure flowers of sulphur on the surrounding pools.

The ground is warm, in fact near the blow-hole it is too hot to stand on, and there is a feeling that a mere crust separates one from hell itself.

Even the history of this island is interesting. It was discovered by Captain Cook, who charted it as the "Isle of White;" it is as unlike that pleasant resort as chalk to cheese—apparently the name was given owing to the rock formation close by, somewhat akin to the Needles. It is interesting to note that Captain Cook's chart, which shows the island very similar in shape to its condition to-day, can be inspected in the British Museum.

In 1859 a naval landing party spent three days exploring the island, and reported to the Admiralty that it contained all the necessary ingredients for the manufacture of gunpowder.

Two years later two English officers, who were stationed in New Zealand just before the Maori war, were venturesome

INFERNO: *Left*—Looking towards where there is a break in the circle

ABOVE THE BOILING CAULDRON: of the hills surrounding the crat

White Island—"Home of the Devil"

A Fearsome Spot off the Coast of New Zealand's North Island, Famed for the Intensity of its Thermal Activity

By EDWARD SAMUEL

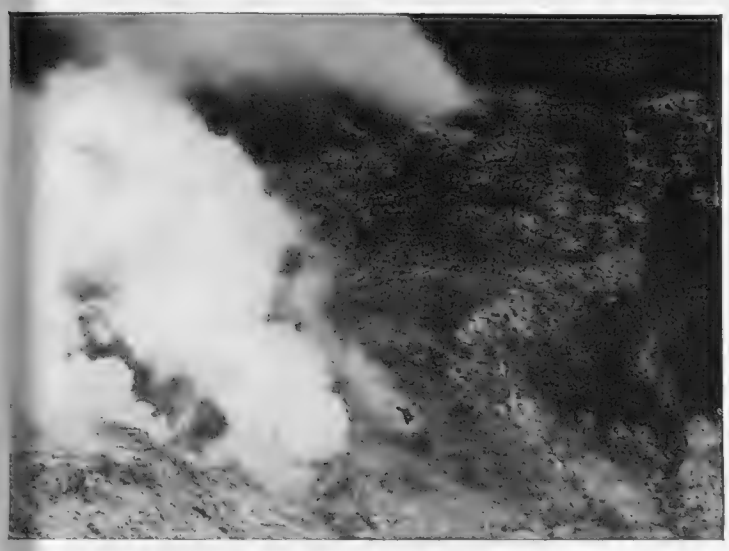
"ROARING JIMMY": This is the name given to the great blow-hole on White Island which, to the accompaniment of a perpetual and nerve-shattering roar, emits dense clouds of sulphurous fumes. It often boils over, spilling hot mud on the surrounding pools

enough to visit the island in a frail Maori canoe, and anyone who has ventured in these frail craft will realise what a risk a forty or fifty-mile voyage both ways would entail. The adventurers were much impressed with the potential mineral wealth of the island, and after negotiations with a Maori chief, bought it for two hogsheads of rum. The deed was recorded, but both the officers were killed in the war, and the title reverted to the Maoris.

Captain Thomas, of H.M.S. *Falcon*, in 1863 surveyed the island. He reported its thermal activities and mineral wealth, and also commented on the vast number of gannets and mutton birds on the island; there was apparently at that time a large green lake occupying most of the central crater.

In the same year a well-known geologist, Dr. Hochsteller, visited the island, and he reported a fountain of molten sulphur in active play, which shot a column hundreds of feet into the air.

The year 1881 was to herald developments in the island as a company was formed—the New Zealand Manure and Chemical Company — at the head of



crater from the one point on the island hills. *Right*—Blow-holes in the crater itself

A view taken from the summit of one They rise to a height of over 800 ft.

Tauranga Harbour, a charming town on the mainland, where a large factory was built. Tauranga is about 70 miles from White Island. Plant was installed for crushing fertiliser and making sulphuric acid.

In the year 1886, just prior to the Tarawera eruption, the island became so active that all hands had to abandon it, and later, owing to a dispute, the works were closed down.

After many years—in 1911—a further attempt was made to operate on the island. A Canadian company bought the freehold; up-to-date machinery arrived from America and was installed in buildings, perhaps built rather daringly right in the crater. In the fateful year, 1914, the work was finished; sulphur, which was 95 per cent. pure, was mined and retorted, and success looked assured.

Towards the end of August, 1914, some labour trouble occurred and all the workmen left the island. The manager proceeded to Auckland and engaged ten new hands, but only nine returned with him, as the cook missed the boat.

A few days later the supply launch visited the island and found all well. A week later it returned and could get no response to signals. The captain of the launch returned to the mainland and a search party was formed; the searchers on September 16 scoured the island but the only living thing they found was a black cat, even the gannets had forsaken their home. The trouble unfortunately was simple enough to diagnose, as people on the mainland had noticed great signs of thermal activity on the island five or six days earlier.

It transpired that a huge landslide had taken place, involving 2,000,000 tons of material, which had undoubtedly caused a complete blockage of the main steam vent and bottled the vast forces below.

It could only have been a matter of minutes before the bottled-up steam found another outlet. It blew a fifteen acre lake right off the face of the globe in the process, and a rock weighing 50 tons was blown a distance of 40 chains. The eruption affected on area of 40 acres, and no trace whatever of buildings remained.

No one can say what was the tragic fate of the party, they may have been buried under thousands of tons of rock, or else been blown into the air and then fallen into the sea; the only traces found were bits of timber and the manager's bed floating miles out at sea.

This tragedy and the great war spelt finis to White Island operations for the time being, but after the war a New Zealand company bought the island and erected the buildings and jetty, which exist until this day in Crater Bay. Workers' residences were wisely built on the outer slopes in the south-west end, among the gannets, as far away as possible from the area of eruptions.

Work was started, and after boring operations a vast subterranean supply of high grade molten sulphur was opened up at a depth of from 80 to 300 ft., the boring tool penetrating several strata of solidified high grade sulphur before piercing a rock or slate cap to the molten supply.

Fresh capital was raised in England to exploit the guano deposits, the failure of which led to lengthy litigation, and two years ago this company went into liquidation.

White Island is on the great fault or main line of volcanic activity which traverses the Pacific, reaching right down to the South Polar regions to Mounts Erebus and Terror. Proof of this is that at the time of the 1914 blowout on the island, a cold spring at Te Teko on the mainland became hot, and has been boiling ever since.

Up to 1879 there had always been a large hot lake in the crater at White Island, but then it completely disappeared for two months.

Again at the time of the Tarawera eruption it vanished, the crater remained dry until 1893 when the lake again appeared and was in existence until the great landslide of 1914, when it once again was missing, and since then there has been no lake.

Who can tell what fate holds in store for the "Home of the Devil." So far it has brought no luck to anyone.

THE SEAWARD SLOPES OF WHITE ISLAND are the haunt of countless sea birds, particularly gannets which from time immemorial have congregated there in the nesting season

LIKE MODERN MOUNTAINEERS: Workmen perilously suspended on cradle seats as they clean down one of the white, black, and green funnels of an Italian liner at Genoa, a task carried out every time the vessel returns to her home port

THE FORTH and MISSISSIPPI BRIDGED

And Other Matters of Current Engineering Interest

A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: The pier carrying the swing span section of the new bridge across the Forth at Kincardine, which is now almost completed and is to be officially opened this month, possibly by a member of the Royal Family. The swing span, the longest of its kind in Europe, measures 364 ft. and weighs 1,600 tons, providing, when opened, two clear passageways for shipping. The machinery for operating it is in a room above the drum girder, while the control station is in the cabin over the roadway

THE MAMMOTH BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI: This gigantic steel structure, with its double railway track, motor road, and wide footway for pedestrians, has been built across the river at a point near New Orleans where the depth of the water and the swiftness of the current have presented a host of difficult problems to the engineers. In order to find a solid base for the piers the foundations had to be sunk to a depth of 170 ft. below mean water-level, and to protect them from the scour of the currents woven willow mattresses, 250 ft. by 450 ft., were then placed on both the upstream and downstream sides, being weighted down with rocks. The bridge, which has cost about £2,600,000, replaces the old train ferry and saves travellers nearly half-an-hour on each crossing. *Inset on right*—This safety device—a special type of anemometer—is installed on the Staithes Beck viaduct, Yorkshire, and is so adjusted that when the wind pressure against the vanes exceeds 28 lb. per square foot an electric trembler bell comes into operation and warns the nearest signal box that it is dangerous for trains to cross. The viaduct is exposed to the full force of gales from the North Sea

WITH THE ARMY IN PALESTINE

MAINTAINERS OF LAW AND ORDER: *Left*—British troops marching through Jerusalem; a picture taken before the arrival of the 10,000 reinforcements which it is hoped will succeed in bringing to an end the Arab campaign of violence that has now been going on for so many months and has taken such a heavy toll of lives and property. *Right*—A man of the Cheshire's acting as a train guard. His task is no light one as the Arabs regard the railway as the most vulnerable of the national services and do everything possible to dislocate the system, sometimes even attempting to board and hold up the trains in broad daylight

A STEEL-HELMETED GUARD on duty with fixed bayonet in one of the banks in the Jewish city of Tel Aviv

BREAKERS OF THE PEACE: A native patrolman shepherding Arab rioters to the police station after arresting them in the old quarter of Jerusalem. During the first month of the trouble no fewer than eight hundred people were sent to gaol, and the figure must now run into several thousands. As regards casualities the record up to August 15 shows:—Muslims, 125 killed and 577 wounded; Jews, 58 killed and 219 wounded; men of the British Army, Royal Air Force, and police (native and white), 23 killed and 184 wounded

KEEPING IN TOUCH: Armed lorries which convoy private and commercial vehicles along the roads of Palestine, as it is quite unsafe for motorists to go singly. The leading lorry is equipped with wireless so that it can summon Royal Air Force planes in an emergency. *Below*—The rear-guard of a convoy ready to start

WHERE THE CONVOYS MEET: An armoured car, mounted with a naval pompom, and an armed lorry at Deir Sharaf, one of the police posts used as a rendezvous. Motorists wishing to make cross-country journeys assemble here at a given hour and are escorted in comparative safety to their destination

AMERICANA

FROM COUNTRY PARSONAGE TO WHITE HOUSE? Is this the destiny of Governor Alfred Landon must be the question in the mind of many a person passing the house (*left*) at West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, where a large notice-board proclaims that here was the eminent politician's birthplace. The November elections will provide the answer, and meanwhile the Republican candidate for the Presidency is stumping the country, and, by all accounts, is doing much to strengthen his position by his advocacy of a more restrained financial policy. He is pictured (*on right*) speaking from the rear platform of his train during a brief halt at Fort Wayne, Indiana, when on his way to Portland, Maine

THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, one of the great architects of the American Republic, in its new position at Hamilton Grange, New York. It formerly stood at the entrance to the Hamilton Club

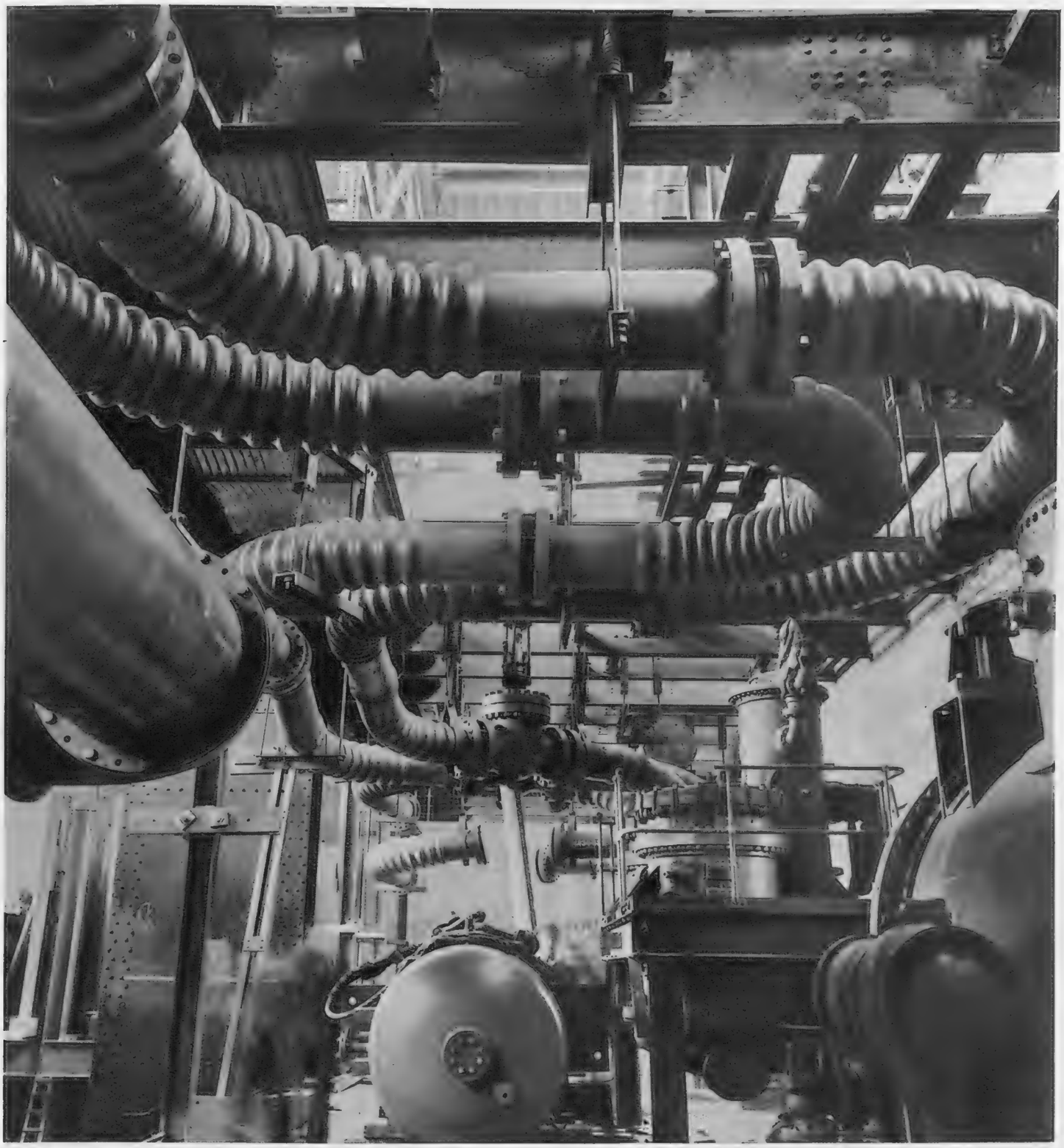
JUST ONE OF THE BOYS: Governor Landon with members of the association known as the "40 and 8 Legionaires" who presented him with a forage cap and a badge of office during his electioneering visit to Topeka, Kansas. The Republican candidate is known as a good mixer and, although he does not speak with the cultured accent and gifted phrasing one associates with high position, everything he says bears the hallmark of sincerity

SWEARING IN: Col. Maestri (left centre) raising his hand as he took the oath on appointment to the mayoralty of New Orleans. Among other things he pledged himself to re-pave every street in the city within five years

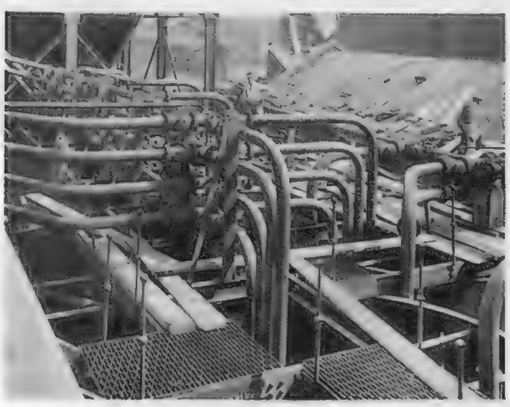
IN FORTUNE'S FAVOUR: Mr. and Mrs. George Austin, proprietors of an hotel, general store, and filling station, who a short while ago paid £2,000 for the Jumbo gold mine situated near their home in Nevada and have already earned many times that sum and have every prospect of making an even greater fortune. They purchased the property from its discoverers, "Red" Staggs and Clyde Taylor, who wished to sell out quickly

SEEKING REINSTATEMENT AS AN AMATEUR: Jesse Owens, triple Olympic champion, with members of the Executive Committee of the North Eastern Ohio Athletic Association whom he requested to reconsider the question of his status. It will be remembered that he was recently suspended for refusing to accompany the U.S. team on a Scandinavian tour

LONDON'S PALACES OF POWER : Fulham's Vast New Generating Station and Barking's Annexe



THE MYSTERY OF PIPES AT BARKING: A scene in the annexe of the London Electric Supply Co.'s power station, the capacity of which is being still further increased and which is included in the chain of Thames-side stations providing power for the national grid system. To the lay mind these giant steel worms are part of the general mystery of a great power house; to the engineer they are vital links conveying steam at high pressure from boilers to turbines



FIGHTING AIR POLLUTION: Pipe-lines at Fulham Power Station used in connection with the pumping of the water which cleanses the smoke before it escapes up the chimneys. This part of the plant has cost £300,000

WHAT a transformation! From the little generating station which began with its maximum demand of a paltry 334 kilowatts, and a first year's sales of less than 500,000 units, to the magnificent pile of steel, concrete, and brick buildings which now towers up on Fulham's river bank forming the first section of the new one. This will ultimately be able to supply a maximum demand of 275,000 kilowatts, and produce some 1,500,000,000 units annually. It will then be the largest municipal electricity undertaking in this country.

A plentiful supply of water being almost as essential as the 750,000 tons of coal which will be needed annually, its site had to be on the riverside from which some 14,000,000 gallons of water will be pumped every hour for its thirsty plant. Its designed full capacity will contain plant of an aggregate power of 310,000 kilowatts, compared with Barking's 390,000 and Battersea's 245,000.

(Continued on next page)

HIGH PRESSURE PIPING, with all welded joints, for conveying water from the neighbouring Thames to the boilers at Fulham where it has a pressure of 800 lb. per square inch and a temperature of 365 deg. Fahrenheit

LONDON'S PALA

THE STEEPLES OF INDUSTRY: The lofty brick chimneys towering above Barking Power Station. They are approximately 250 ft. in height and taper from 30 ft. at the base to 23 ft. at the top, which can be reached by the metal rungs shown in the picture

(Continued from page 17)

In the construction of this enormous building 20,000 tons of steelwork, 750,000 bricks, and thousands of tons of concrete have been used, while the total load of the main central portion of the building amounts to 52,000 tons, all resting on a sound foundation of steel rafts embedded in concrete 8 ft. thick.

Six specially designed steam colliers, of 2,300 tons carrying capacity each, will bring the coal 53 miles up the River Thames, having to pass under sixteen bridges en route. On the jetty three large grab-cranes will unload the coal at the rate of 525 tons an hour on to belt-conveyors, which transport it to either of the two 25,000-ton coal silos or direct to the 800-ton bunkers placed over the boilers.

The boiler house contains eight (ultimately sixteen) enormous water-tube boilers, each capable of evaporating over 250,000 lb., or 110 tons, of steam per hour at 625 lb. pressure and 850 deg. F. temperature. Six of these boilers would be about equal to the twenty-four main boilers of the *Queen Mary*. Small coal, but not pulverised, is used, and all the firing done by mechanical stokers. The firegrate of each boiler measures over 700 square ft., or the size of a large room 35 ft. by 20 ft., swallowing up 15 tons of coal every hour. Every atom of heat possible is extracted from the coal, in addition to that required for the actual steam raising, by induced draught fans which suck the gases successively through the steam superheaters, feed water heaters and air heaters till they finally reach the flue gas cleaning plant. This extracts 98 per cent. of the sulphur and grit before the spent gases pass out at a temperature of only 125 deg. F. and at 300 ft. above ground level through two reinforced concrete chimneys weighing 800 tons each and mounted on a massive steel framework base 100 ft. high.

A COAL-EATING INFERNO: The interior of one of the great furnaces at Fulham Power Station where 2,000 tons of coal a day will be consumed, being brought to the station by Fulham Council's fleet of colliers. These boats are the largest ever built to come so far up the river and have been specially designed to pass under the sixteen low-spanned bridges

The turbine room is a spacious building 224 ft. by 105 ft. to which an entirely glazed roof as well as numerous windows all round give a lavish profusion of daylight. A 120-ton overhead travelling crane commands the whole length for handling the heaviest pieces of machinery to or from any part of the floor. At present there are three of the ultimate five 60,000-kilowatt turbo-alternator sets, and one 10,000-kilowatt "house" set, the latter supplying current for all the power and lighting of the station itself, and just about the size of the total seven auxiliary generating sets in the *Queen Mary*. To watch these sets running from one of the side galleries one could hardly believe that they were moving at all, so quietly do they perform their work. Boiler feed pumps, evaporators and other plant are placed in an adjoining bay, while on the opposite side are the big water circulating pumps, all so efficiently laid out as to give an impression of spaciousness without wasting room, airiness and light, while the long lengths of steam and water piping are neatly stowed away more or less out of sight yet quite accessible. Less spectacular are the main control room, the switch

VIEWED FROM THE CONTROL BALCONY: The steam turbines (right) and t there is accommodation for three 60,000-kilowatt turbo-alternators and o is completed there will be five of these sets, having a capacity of 300,0 travelling crane which can travel the whole length of the hall and is c

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THE VICTORS OF IRUN RETURN TO BURGOS

The Advance on Bilbao, and Other News in Pictures from the War-Stricken Peninsula

ALONE HE DID IT: Señor Pedro Gomez, a former Manchester business man who has been fighting for the insurgent cause, achieved distinction a few days ago when he captured single-handed a printing works and forty Government troops holding it

GENERAL JOSE SAINZ, one of the "big ten" rebel leaders, who was wounded recently at Talavera when a bomb fell on the office building in which he had his headquarters, killing a number of men including his secretary who was beside him

COMING FILM FARE: The above settings, the work of Laurence Irving, grandson of Sir Henry Irving, have been designed for the British musical, *Moonlight Sonata*, which is now being made at Denham and in which Paderewski, the great pianist and former Polish President, and Marie Tempest—both septuagenarians—are making their screen debut. These three reproductions have been made from Mr. Irving's actual water-colour drawings, which exhibit a masterly power of chiaroscuro. Pall Mall Productions Ltd. are the producers and Lothar Mendes is directing

CURRENT DRAMA

Stanley Lupino—Genius in the Art of Clowning: "The Desert Song" Returns to the West End After Nine Years: Edna Best in a Saintly Part

Reviewed by Philip Page

THE genius of Mr. Stanley Lupino—and unquestionably he has genius—consists in the ludicrous exploitation of the utterly puerile. That is not a bad ingredient for any musical comedy.

Since Mr. Lupino not only writes musical comedies but plays the leading part in them with almost unvaried success, it follows that he knows the secret of how much puerility to instil into both his acting and his authorship. I quite forget who it was who said "It takes a wise man to play the fool." But well do I remember over a longish period of years the infinite wisdom of Mr. Lupino in clowning not too much but just enough.

In *Over She Goes* at the Saville he is true to form. He cracks jokes, old and new, and tumbles about nimbly and amusingly as his family have done for generations. Yet in all this frenzied interpretation of a nonsensical but quite adequate plot I could detect at times a touch, if not of pathos, at least of restraint. Mr. Lupino was consistently and intensely funny. At the same time, like his brother droll, Mr. Leslie Henson (the points of contact are not so many as may be imagined, but this is one of them) he occasionally gives a hint that he is fully aware of the fooling and of the extent and import of it, and that he is really the most sensible person on that stage, taking, as it were, a bit of a holiday. Perhaps a reasonable alternative to the aforesaid dictum would be something to the effect that "it takes a fool to play the wise man"—at least in successful musical pieces of the lighter sort.

Having provided this somewhat pedantic analysis of the whole art of foolery instead of a description of the story of *Over She Goes* (which I have forgotten—not that it mattered much anyway) I must add that Miss Adele Dixon, who has appeared in more serious work than this, continues to improve and improve and improve. She employs less that vaguely gracious grin and she sings very prettily indeed. And she has a sense of fun which now defeats her innate "refinement" to a most welcome extent. The appeal of Miss Sally Gray is perhaps more immediate but not less strong. Mr. Laddie Cliff, who was partnering Mr. Lupino in all sorts of theatrical romps quite a number of years ago, is as agile as ever he was and the neatest of dancers. Mr. Syd Walker's slower and more pompous methods form an admirable foil.

Some slight connection with hunting and taking jumps explains the title of this piece. If the huntin' crowd consider that to ridicule their favourite sport is "er—hardly cricket—er—what?" they can digest the fact that *Over She Goes* was never intended to be cricket, or anything like it, and they can go—cubbing.

WHEN TWO STRONG MEN COME FACE TO FACE: Maxie Mumm (Leslie Henson) and Xabisxi (John Coyle), leader of the Yellow Shirts, whom he impersonates. One of many entertaining episodes in *Swing Along*, that bright show at the Gaiety which has a host of good lines and a talented cast supporting Mr. Henson, who is at the top of his form

"Do You Remember . . .?"—The two authors of *Do You Remember . . .?* at the Vaudeville—the explanation of the unevenness of this play may be that one is rather a cleverer author than the other—have plumped for youthful charm, and they have achieved it.

In a sense they have made a mistake, for in order to impart charm to the piece they have made the modern Bloomsbury-cum-Chelsea young people charming in themselves; also (and this is even more surprising and even less accurate) modest and unaffected. The average Bloomsburyite or Chelseaite of 1936 vintage is not very charming, and is assuredly not modest. In the play they talk, amid their boarding-house impecuniosity, of the great pictures they will paint and the great music they will compose. In the Café Royal, and other places where they crow, they talk of the rotten pictures Raphael and Velasquez painted, and the inept music Bach and Beethoven and Wagner composed. Here I prefer fiction to fact. Your 1936 youthful Bohemian must be toned down for stage purposes.

The little comedy is mostly one of artistic ambition and of *La Vie de Bohème* with a Mimi who marries her rich and elderly admirer instead of running away with him for a while and returning to her beloved Rodolfo. In patches there is crudity. But there is much more that is attractive and amusing, and the epilogue is the best part of all. The compère—for that is what the young gentleman who began the evening's entertainment amounted to—should go, not because the part was badly played, but because it is irritating and unnecessary.

The more than capable horde of youngsters in the cast—I am told that only two members of it are over twenty-two—was headed, in point of merit, by Miss Phyllis Stanley and Miss Veronica Rose.

"The Desert Song."—That romantic and spectacular musical play, *The Desert Song*, served its, and Drury Lane's, purpose nine years ago, and its revival at the Coliseum should be equally serviceable.

Few plays of this type bear revival at all. There is a trace of the heavier sentimentality of another decade in the solemnity of Mr. Harry Welchman's heroics, though the play is none the worse for that and is certainly none the worse for Mr. Welchman, who continues to sing, look, and act well. Miss Edith Day also returns to her old part, as delightful as ever, and Miss Clarice Hardwicke contrives to be funny in the Coliseum, which is not easy.

Mr. Herman Finck is again in charge of the orchestra and a satisfactory musical performance is therefore guaranteed.

Ballet.—Almost Dionysiac frenzy greeted the return of the Vic-Wells ballet to Sadler's Wells

GETTING TOGETHER: Ann Rathbone, who has only their first meeting to screen version they are to

"CARELESS RAPTURE" AT DRURY LANE

Scenes from Ivor Novello's New and Spectacular Musical Success

MICHAEL HAS A BRIGHT IDEA and he and Penelope decide to celebrate her farewell to the stage by going to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday night. Ivor Novello and Dorothy Dickson in one of the opening scenes in *Careless Rapture*, the mammoth show which is proving such a big draw at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

BACKHANDER: Michael (Ivor Novello), disguised as a Chinese Prince, tells Phyllida Frame (Zena Dare) that he "never saw a European lady who was not also a horse"

last week. The screams from the gallery which greeted every terpsichorean effort, good and bad (and some were rather bad) were almost loud enough to waken the dead in the churchyard of St. Mark's, Myddelton Square, just round the corner—a church, by the way, which Grimaldi, Sadler's Wells' greatest star, used to attend.

What did deserve every bit of this enthusiasm was the eager *camaraderie* of the whole troupe; nearly all the *décor*; the playing of the orchestra; Mr. Frederick Ashton's arrangement of *Baiser de la Fée* and his dancing in *Façade;* Miss Margot Fonteyn, Mr. Robert Helpmann and Miss June Brae.

Some of the solo work in *Casse Noisette* I thought poor in the extreme; yet it received the same shrill enthusiasm. It is not my job to criticise the "Wells" audience, and over-kindness is better than the reverse. But some discrimination is necessary. To shower the same amount of praise on good performers and on those not so good is bad for both.

TIRED OUT AFTER AN EVENING OF EXCITEMENT, Penelope and Michael fall asleep in each other's arms on a Hampstead Heath roundabout. Another episode from *Careless Rapture*, one of the most spectacular productions staged at Drury Lane in recent years, having in addition a romantic story, and some picturesquely heroic acting

Drawn by Percy Home

THE TEMPLE OF NICHAOW: One of *Careless Rapture's* cleverly devised Chinese settings ideally suited to the vast size of the Theatre Royal's stage. Even more elaborate is the street scene in Fu Chin which every evening takes fifteen minutes to build up and in thirty seconds is brought crashing to the ground as a result of an earthquake overwhelming the city. The stage director spent months preparing this episode

"Follow Your Saint."—Miss Lesley Storm, who a year or so ago wrote an interesting play about aerial torpedoes and civilians choking in gas-filled basements and all the horrible things that are likely to happen in the next war, in *Follow Your Saint* at the Queen's deals with fighting in the home circle and slaughter just outside it.

Harding, the American film star, and Basil recently returned to England, seen during study the script of *Love from a Stranger*, the make of the West End play of the same name

Her heroine is Joanna, who is married to an elder, has someone a shade younger as her physical complement, and someone younger still to adore her as purely as her husband does, but less legally and more poetically. Miss Storm, being a dramatist of rather more than talent, made a play out of this which did not bore me for an instant. It started better than it finished, and some of its characters did unaccountable things. But people when in love do unaccountable things just as when even the best dramatists make them stage characters they are apt at times to say stagey and rather silly things.

It is to Miss Storm's credit that most of her story and the majority of her characters are quite reasonable, and, except for the spoutings of a lovelorn poet, there is only one speech in which the grease-paint is laid on thick. It came right at the end (as did the play, in the sense that it had a happy termination). Possibly the author's sense of humour had by that time died on her. When one lies to a police

(Continued on page 40)

A POPULAR PAIR: Ivor Novello (*left*) in the Chinese ballet and (*right*) with Dorothy Dickson in "The Bridge of Lovers" scene. These two make an excellent partnership

A PHALANGER OF CAPE YORK PENINSULA. BY V. H. CHARGOIS, A.R.P.S.

An interesting nature study picture at the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society which is now being held at 35, Russell Square, W.C.1. | *The phalanger, an Australian arboreal marsupial, has a long prehenstile tail and grasps its food and conveys it to its mouth with the forepaws*

"REFLEXES," BY C. FATINI: A striking study in simplicity at the London Salon of Photography, Suffolk Street, where every year some of the finest examples of modern camera technique are placed on exhibition

"THE COMMON GULL AT HOME": A nest on a moor in the heart of the Scottish Highlands; one of a number of pictures shown by Hugh G. Wagstaff, F.R.P.S., at the Royal Photographic Society's 81st Exhibition

A HEREFORDSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT FOR THE NATION: Dinmore Hill, between Hereford and Leominster, which has become a public park in commemoration of the Silver Jubilee of King George V, the official inauguration ceremony having been conducted last Saturday by Lord Somers, the Lord Lieutenant of the county. In the spring of 1935 it was revealed that the place was in imminent danger of being spoilt by building development, and an immediate appeal for subscriptions not only produced enough money to preserve it in perpetuity as a park and to cut walks through the woods, but allowed of some £2,000 being devoted to a local hospital and to the County Nursing Association. John Leland, the antiquary, who, in search of subject matter for his book, made a tour through England and Wales in the sixteenth century, was much impressed by the views from Dinmore, describing it as "a specula to see all the country about"

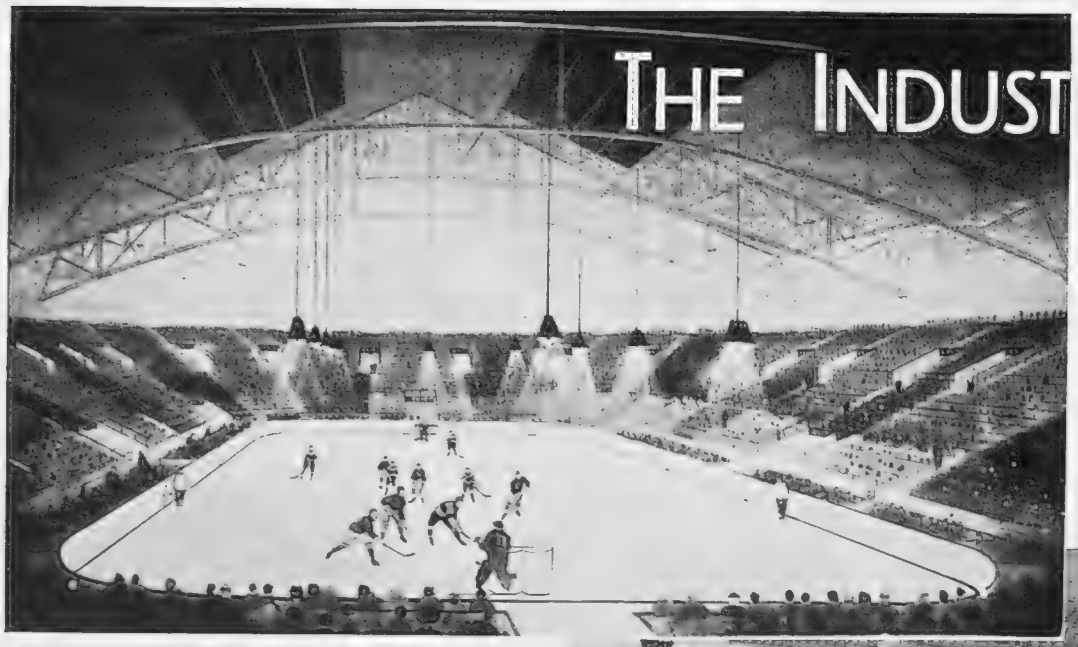
BLACKBERRYING IN CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY: A delightful rural scene near Friston mill, Suffolk — A camera study by Douglas Went

AUTUMN *in* ENGLAND

THE INDUSTRY OF SPORT

London's Stadia and Arenas: a Product of the New Era of Commercialisation in which the Big Business Man has taken over Control from the Somewhat Haphazard Promoter of Earlier Days

By CHARLES GRAVES



HARRINGAY'S VAST £200,000 SPORTS STADIUM AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: An artist's impression of an ice hockey match in progress. *On right*—The arena to-day, with only part of the seating accommodation installed

The Englishman's love of sport and his greater degree of leisure in these days, must be largely responsible for the extraordinary fact that the 5s. shares of Harringay Arena Limited are quoted to-day on the Stock Exchange at 11s. 6d.—although the arena is not yet even completed!

But whatever the reason, it is distinctly a sign of the times. In the past ten years sports stadia have sprung up or have been reconstructed with success all over London. At a conservative estimate more than £10,000,000 has been sunk in them, and it is safe to say that this tendency is not a vogue which is likely to pass.

In less than a decade sport has become a highly organised and efficiently conducted industry. It is one of the biggest employers of labour. It pays millions of pounds per annum in entertainment tax to the Government. Sport shares stand side by side with long-established Industrials in the columns of the City prices.

And a new industrialist has also arrived. These great sporting industries are not controlled by the cigar-chewing, gold-watch-chained promoter of a few years back.

The men at the head of these great arenas and stadia are far-sighted business men, whose knowledge of finance and organisation ranks with that of the leading industrial magnates of the country.

SEEING THE DOGS IN COMFORT: The veranda café at the White City where diners can watch the racing without leaving their tables

It will not be until next February that the £900,000 building at Earl's Court will be open to the public. True, it is designed primarily for exhibition purposes, but the swimming pool, which will seat 23,000 people, is the focal centre of the building, and will certainly be adapted to a variety of other sports.

The future historians will undoubtedly be compelled to devote a good deal of attention to the growth of commercialised sport in and around London during the last ten years. Look at the finances of Wembley. The issued capital is as follows:

	£
180,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each	180,000
1,500,000 Deferred Shares of 1s. each	75,000
	255,000
6 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock	181,560
Total	436,560

The present market value of the Preference and Deferred Shares together is approximately £417,750, and the present market value of the Debenture Stock is approximately £188,822.

The profits since the inception of the company total £291,435, and the total dividends paid up to the end of last year amount to £159,132.

An interim dividend of 3¾ per cent. has already been paid on the Preference Shares up to date this year, and the profit figure for the current year should compare favourably with the highest in the existence of the company.

Another good example is afforded by the company controlling the White City Stadium. £1,000,000 was invested in this enterprise. The capital value of this sum is to-day £2,500,000. The 8 per cent. shares have never failed to pay their dividend on £800,000 from the day they started, while the Ordinary Shares have paid over 50 per cent. in dividends since the formation of the company.

Far more quickly, therefore, than the films have these sports arenas and stadia acquired the confidence of shrewd investors. This, however, is no share-pushing article. Indeed, the high price of the shares must already be almost embarrassing to the directors of the various companies. What I am trying to do is to trace the history of this commercial development of sport. Oddly enough, it goes back to the year 1908, when the Olympic Games were held in England, and the grandstand at the White City was erected to hold 100,000 spectators. Admittedly, that grandstand has no comparison with the magnificence of present day Olympic Games accommodation, but at least it was a start. For years, however, it lay derelict, except as a series of football grounds used by troops billeted at the White City during the war. Then in 1926 General Critchley and Charles Munn inspected it. Meantime, Wembley Stadium had been built because the Government authorities were unable to come to any arrangement with the then owners of the White City, and thus were compelled to erect the Empire Exhibition and all that went with it elsewhere. Incidentally, while negotiations were going on between General Critchley and the owners of the White City, the late Jimmie White offered to sell Wembley to him as it stood. When General Critchley suggested that it was too far out, Jimmie White replied that he would drive him there within twenty minutes. "If you can do that" said General Critchley, "I will buy Wembley at your own price." Needless to say, Jimmie White realised that his bluff was called, and nothing came of it.

Simultaneously, General Critchley discovered the 30-acre dump at Harringay used by the Underground Railway for disposing of the earth dug out to form its tunnels. After three inspections he bought it, though this involved removing 40,000 tons of earth to make the arena. It also caused the owners of the White City to come to terms; and General Critchley found himself with two stadia. That, really, was the beginning of the movement to turn sport into a business investment, despite the fact that cricket, our premier game, has frequently been compelled to beg for money from its supporters, and even a high percentage of Association football clubs have had to be supported by individual enthusiasts.

Let me try to reconstruct London of ten years ago. For prize-fighting there were available the

(Continued on page 40)

THE NEW EARL'S COURT where £900,000 is being spent in the creation of a sports and exhibition centre. In the foreground on the left is the swimming pool which, like that at Wembley, will be capable of transformation into an ice hockey rink

MAYORAL RED-LETTER DAYS

THE SEA YIELDS UP ITS DELICACIES: The mayoral party on board the forty-year-old oyster dredger, *Native*, last week when the Mayor of Colchester, in accordance with ancient ceremonial, read the proclamation declaring the Colne Oyster Fishery open for the season and afterwards made the first haul with Sir Gurney Benham, Chairman of the Fishery Board. The King's health was drunk and a telegram dispatched to His Majesty offering an expression of loyalty and devotion

Southall and Malden, London's Two New Boroughs, Receive Their Royal Charters

THE CHARTER MAYOR, Mr. William Garrod, receiving from Alderman Forrester Clayton, Vice Chairman of the Middlesex County Council, the Royal Charter of Incorporation which gives Southall the status of a borough. Alderman Clayton was deputising for the Lord Lieutenant

CIVIC CEREMONIAL AT BEVERLEY PARK: Sir Percy Vincent, the Lord Mayor of London, pictured with Major J. E. Hill, the Charter Mayor, after he had handed over the Charter of Incorporation of the new borough of Malden On the right is Commander Poland, the City Marshal

LONDON SUCCESSES

Velvet Petals in Autumnal Shades

With a Jabot of Silver F

● Even more important than the elaborate items in any wardrobe is the little frock that one wears day after day beneath one's winter coat. It must be simple, so that one does not quickly tire of it. It should be colourful to dispel grey moods. On the left at the head of this page is a delightful angora fabric dress, rust coloured, with green, brown, and wine-coloured leaves at the neck. The flared skirt has a straight panel down the front, and the price is 98s. 6d. It comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W., where it is also made in caviare brown

● Coats are fascinating this year, for they show a very definite change in line and in the treatment of furs. Always they are broadshouldered and slender-waisted, and very often the skirt flares. In the centre of this page is a handsome coat from Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street, W. In black zibbeline, which is woven with long, silky hairs, it is slightly flared, with square shoulders and restrained fullness at the top of the sleeves, and it has a flattering collar and jabot of silver fox. The little cap has a Spanish comb effect across the crown

● Whatever happens, you must have one tunic, and if you are afraid that it will cut your height, try on several until you find one that doesn't. It is all a question of the shape and length. On the left is an attractive crêpe-marocain skirt and tunic. Made in meringo-brown, cyprus-green, mulberry and black, the top of the tunic is softly gathered into the Empire waistline, while unpressed pleats give the front fullness that is a feature of the autumn mode. It comes from Harrods, where it is obtainable for 6½ guineas

Sophistication in Lacquer

Peter Clark

All That is New in Line, Fabric, and Colour

● Nothing ever rivals the sophistication of a highly-lacquered fabric, and this winter, when we shall all be wearing clothes that are romantic and grand, not only satins are ciréd, but lamés as well are lacquered in jewel colours. Immediately above is a dinner dress that is certain to have a very pleasant life because it is so useful. In black ciré satin, it is cut on Empire lines, for the sash can be tied at the back and the waist left plain in front. The gauging across the shoulders is repeated in a point at the back and appears again on the skirt. Surprisingly enough, it costs only 5½ guineas, and it comes from Swan and Edgar

● So far as evening coats are concerned, fabrics are of vital importance, and there are two new things that you can do. You can have your coat made in a woollen material, or you can choose a heavy and very rich metal fabric. The coat on the right is made in a coral and silver tree-bark lamé, and has been designed by Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. You will find it at Harrods, where it can also be copied in velvet or cloque, and it is specially noteworthy because of the cleverly executed envelope shoulders, the large bow tied beneath the chin, and its flowing line which spreads, unbroken and graceful, from the hips to the floor

● If you want to know what Paris and London are doing, see the autumn and winter collection at Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, London, W. It includes such lovely models as Lelong's blue and burgundy dress, photographed on the right. The blue is bright and the burgundy coloured silk jersey is used for the draped corsage, and in part for the two long panels which hang from the waist at the back, and which can be crossed and wrapped round the shoulders to form a cape. It has an intricate harness of straps at the back

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Hugh Walpole Introduces Us to Forces Dangerous and Evil : Francis Brett Young's Spacious and Gracious Prose

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

REMEMBERING a little sadly that Mr. Hugh Walpole had written *finis* to his Herries saga, and wondering whether A PRAYER FOR MY SON (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) would contain the exciting beginnings of another long tale, spread over several volumes, I was pulled up short by the wrapper description which declares that "the author intends this novel to be a companion picture to *Captain Nicholas*, its principal character, Colonel Fawcus, representing an invasion of the modern world by forces that are dangerous and evil."

Now with due obeisances to the Herries books (which are his masterpiece) I must confess to a huge enjoyment when, in Mr. Walpole's company, I am confronted with "forces that are dangerous and evil." Has not my flesh crept with the Man with Red Hair; have I not been paralysed with fear of Captain Nicholas, or walked the streets of Polchester in holy fear of Canon Ronder? Do I not remember an incident in *Maradick at Forty* and a scene in *The Old Ladies* which are irradicably memorable?

Better than any living writer Mr. Hugh Walpole can infuse the macabre with living horror; he can also, as is demonstrated in this book, convey by subtle means, and by no recourse to direct action, an atmosphere of brooding evil.

Our prayers are needed for Michael, who at a schoolboy age is confronted for the first time with a conflict of loyalties between his mother, whom he has never known, and his grandfather, Colonel Fawcus, with whom he has lived since he can remember. The mother who, until she goes to stay with Fawcus, had given up all claims to the boy, sets desperately about rescuing him from an influence which she feels to be unwholesome, though unable to define it even to herself.

The struggle with this megalomaniac makes a story charged with tense emotion which the author brilliantly handles in slow *tempo*. No good purpose would be served by revealing the climax which in itself is a powerful and moving scene. I repeat that I always enjoy Mr. Walpole in this vein.

In FAR FOREST (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) Mr. Francis Brett Young takes us once again into the heart of England, into that Shropshire and Staffordshire country which he knows so well that it has become almost peculiarly his own.

Mr. Brett Young's novels move with such leisure and with such spacious and gracious prose about the countryside that it is always surprising, upon reflection, to find so much action in his stories. Actually most of it in this one centres round a small stone cottage on the banks of Gladden Brook, and it is that cottage which, to the young hero and heroine, represents the peace and content which life has denied them in the Black Country.

The fortunes of David and Jenny from the time of their childhood meetings to their eventual coming together lie along widely different paths. David, the son of a coal-miner, studies and strives for a scholarship and later for the post of schoolmaster. After one miserably unsuccessful love affair he is embittered and wilfully lonely, and his unhappiness is only increased at the death of his father, a lovable, understanding character.

Jenny's life holds more adventure, though very little more happiness. Working as a general servant on a farm she is seduced, while still in her teens, by a cheerfully casual young soldier who yet bears some physical resemblance to the David of her young dreams. Before they can discuss marriage Charley is killed in the Boer war, and Jenny has his baby to provide for. The little cottage is closed to her by a canting, hypocritical old aunt, and Jenny goes back to the Black Country to the squalor and unendurably hard work of chain-making with her brother and father.

For a brief, and I must confess that it seemed to me an improbable interlude, her life takes a turn for the better, or at any rate for the brighter, and she marries the colourful Mr. Fred Badger, a poaching acquaintance of her childhood. Their idyll is short-lived, for he is soon haled off on a charge of murdering a gipsy woman with whom he had lived, and his execution leaves Jenny destitute, and with a second baby in her care.

In her distress the cottage at Gladden Brook appears to her as the only refuge, and to it she starts on a pitiful, pram-pushing Odyssey, with David and security as the unexpected and triumphant goal.

The story is suffused with an atmosphere which only a poet could weave, about scenes which are not only familiar, but which he loves full well. It is Mr. Brett Young's great strength as a writer; as a novelist it may not at times serve him too well, but I for one would not have it otherwise.

BROUGHAM CASTLE, WESTMORLAND, FROM THE RIVER EAMONT

The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments has just produced a volume on Westmorland under the general editorship of Mr. A. W. Clapham. This work, which is published at 30s. by H.M. Stationery Office, forms a complete inventory of the antiquities of the county and is fully illustrated from specially taken photographs which reveal how rich this part of England is in ancient fortresses and residences; a fact that may come as a surprise to many. Brougham Castle, still dominated by its twelfth-century Pagan Keep, is at once the most important and extensive survival of early military architecture dealt with in the book

GONE WITH THE WIND (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) by Miss Margaret Mitchell is everything that a popular success ought to be, and I am not surprised to learn that it has already sold 400,000 copies in America in the incredibly short space of three months.

It is a novel about the Civil War, beginning with the South in its happy and prosperous days, taking the reader through every phase of the War itself; its glorious defeats and hardly won victories; its makeshifts and miseries; and ending with the post-war period with its aristocracy of profiteers and its arrogant, or bewildered, "free issue" negroes.

The book is enormously long—over 400,000 words—(one to every American reader it seems) and none of those words is a dull one. Although the bias is violently Southern, it is a prejudice which is not likely to irritate an English reader. Just as we remember in *1066 and All That* the Roundheads were right but so unattractive, and the Cavaliers were "wrong but romantic."

For all I know the book may historically be all at sea, or even as strictly accurate as is claimed. It does not seem to matter: it is a grand book, full of life, excitement, and tough-fibred adventure.

There is nothing particularly tough-fibred, or even tough, about Mr. John van Druten's AND THEN YOU WISH (Joseph. 8s. 6d,). The author of *Young Woodley* has a habit of scoring his triumphs with the quiet effect of masterly restraint.

Where the legendary French playwright deals in bedrooms, Mr. van Druten deals in sitting-rooms in his novels as in his plays. Perhaps his greatest gift is his observation of seemingly tiny things, little tricks of speech that are familiar (but not obvious) to all of us, types of people and types of shops that we have all seen a thousand times and passed by as many times but which he makes significant. The result is that one is constantly tempted to cry "how *exactly* right that is!"—and it is.

His talent has an affinity with those German cameras which take three dozen minute but perfect photographs on a single roll of film, the idea being that the selected best should be considerably enlarged. Mr. van Druten does not attempt this, and has no kinship whatsoever with the Dickensian school, whose photographs (to flog the analogy a little) are enlarged to the point where they become even larger than life.

In this novel we see the London stage from the point of view of an unproduced dramatist; a savage and unprepossessing young man whose final success reveals him to be a master of the technique of his art but of few human graces. Perhaps I have misjudged the author's intention, and Glyn Haden is in reality an ambitious and clear-sighted young man devoid of sentimental fripperies, and deserving of our sympathies. Yet though I remain convinced that such a man could write an excellent and successful play, I am equally convinced that he is (what Mr. van Druten would never call him) first and foremost a tough guy.

I thought I could never read another Irish novel about "the troubles," and it was with the greatest reluctance that I took up DEATH IS SO FAIR (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) Surely enough it begins in Dublin on Easter Monday, 1916, but before I had read very far I found myself in as dramatic, personal, and vivid account of the Easter rebellion as I had ever read.

I believe that this is Mr. Louis Lynch D'Alton's first novel but this story begins, bang off the mark, like the work of a practised hand. Indubitably that first chapter proves that the author can wring drama from descriptive scenes with a personal touch; we read on to discover what characters his vivid imagination can create.

Well, there is Considine, a recognisable Irish type, an idealist willing to make sacrifices, drawn with his eyes open into violences against which his inner being revolted. Then there is Riley, whom he betrayed, but whose real betrayer was his own vacillating personality. But perhaps the most fundamental character is Andrew Kilfoyle, a type which, I am convinced, was more potent a force in the whole bitter struggle than any other, and a type which I for one have never seen portrayed either in fiction or in serious history.

Kilfoyle knew what he was doing, and did it with a cold efficiency that wrought terrible consequences upon friend and foe alike. Scornful of visionaries, distrustful of idealists, he was not the kind of man who makes revolutions, but the kind who makes them possible, and the carrying through of them a merciless and sanguinary business. Kilfoyle was a killer, cruel, hard, without nerves, and merciless. He is of the type which produced the Irish gangsters of America's darkest prohibition era, his only match in that country being the gutter-bred descendants of Sicilian bandits.

This being a novel about "the troubles" there is a good deal of action concerning the conflict between the Irish rebels and the notorious Black and Tans, but no Englishman need carp at the brutality of these episodes. The author neither whitewashes nor blackwashes the Black and Tans; they did an unsavoury job and a dangerous job in the manner of men who would be willing to undertake such a job. They were neither to be lauded, pitied, nor condemned. It is the same with Kilfoyle, Considine, and the rest of them; the author treats them and the events in which they fought and died with a praiseworthy objectivity.

I commend this novel not only for the intensity of its dramatic descriptions, which are excellent in themselves, but for the incisive portraits of Irish types therein. The subject being what it is I fear for its ultimate success, but if I can implore my readers to sink whatever prejudices they may have and read it, I am sure we shall reach agreement that this is one of the best and most promising first novels which have appeared for years. Mr. D'Alton's next book will be awaited with the keenest interest.

On page 34 of this issue will be found an index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., recently received by THE SPHERE.

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PERSONAL

THE CHIEF SCOUT'S DAUGHTER WEDS: The Hon. Betty St. Clair Baden-Powell, whose father is Lord Baden-Powell, and Mr. Gervas Clay, District Officer in the Administrative Service of Northern Rhodesia, leaving Bentley parish church, Hampshire, after their marriage

THE SEEKER: Brother Albert, of Prague, a Franciscan monk who has spent the past ten years visiting shrines throughout the world, recently arrived in Dublin where he was received by Dr. Robinson, the Papal Nuncio

WARWICK THE FILM-MAKER: The Earl of Warwick pictured as he left Southampton en route for California where he has been placed under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a starting salary of £200 a week. His agreement provides for an increasing scale of remuneration

ANGLO-GERMAN MARRIAGE: Miss Marianne Brooke, an English girl who was born two hours before war was declared in 1914, and Lieutenant von Tempelhoff (right), a German army officer and the son of Major-General von Tempelhoff, who were married a few days ago at All Souls', Langham Place. They met in Dresden in 1931

GUARDED LIKE A JEWEL: Miss Francine Dumani, daughter of Colonel Hamdi Pasha, who has never left Egypt before and is now on a visit to England. Everywhere she goes a married woman of her own race keeps watch and ward against unauthorised intrusion

ROYAL RELIC: This bag, valued at approximately £1,000, and consisting of thousands of beads, painstakingly stitched together, was worked by Mary Princess of Orange for her husband, William of Orange, in the days before they came to England. It was placed on exhibition at the Antique Dealers' Fair in London last week

MIQUETTE, alias Grace Hart, who was formerly in the children's hairdressing department at Selfridge's and has recently undergone an extended course of grooming before taking the post of chief mannequin to the store

LYDIA, who dances in *Midnight Laughter*, the cabaret show at the Dorchester, designs and makes all her own costumes. The gown she is wearing here is of Grecian inspiration

PHYLLIS STANLEY, one of the principals in *Midnight Laughter*, the Dorchester show, produced by Mr. Henry Sherek, which is proving such a big success and which also stars Steve Geray and Magda Kun

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49/6

HERE is silken luxury combined with cosy comfort. This very dainty Wrap is in good quality crêpe de Chine, *lined with nunsveiling* to match. An idea you'll adore! The beautiful trimming is of ecru lace. The colours are rose, peach, sky, turquoise, and nil.

29/6

YES, this delightful little Bed Jacket is in satin, but we've lined it with nunsveiling to keep out Winter's chills. With a long, generous sleeve, it is trimmed with ecru lace. In pink, peach, turquoise, ivory, sky, apricot, and nil. We think it's grand value!

Sent on approval.

DRESSING GOWNS—FIRST FLOOR

KING EDWARD'S EUROPE (Continued from page 10)

Yes, contemporary Europe offers a restricted field for diplomatic travel compared with the beckoning tale of Edward VII thirty years ago. Spain is another that seems likely to be marked off indefinitely. Yet there remain important others, notably France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Holland, and Belgium, Sweden—a Baltic cruise—and until the other day: Portugal. Maybe it is not too much to hope that King Edward's exceptional value to his country, as a personality, will be proved again in these lands on occasions not too far removed into the future, there being certainly every ground to hope for good results, going by what happened in the case of the first four foreign countries (Vimy was not the same thing) visited by His Majesty as King of England . . . or Duke of Lancaster.

Such visits would be assured of success. The King enjoys the best of foreign Presses and publics. His Majesty is more widely and pithily known than any ruler has ever been before. He is recognised to have character, a person who would matter, King or no King. His curiosity and keenness, abiding interest in the lesser layers of the population—deep strain of human sympathy—are further assets. And his approachableness, his way of genuinely inviting contact. Knowledgeable, too, the knowledge so eminently of the times.

Then there is King Edward's aerial appeal and reputation in regard to the craze of the epoch: physical fitness. Or one could instance how he can converse in the tongue of the country he is visiting, ever a first-rate advantage. Again, the King brings custom wherever he goes, while he and his company may be relied on to put at once tone and life into their surroundings.

That His Majesty stands utterly for peace, as conveyed to his Brigade of Guards; that he is a real democrat in spirit, it coming quite naturally to him to shake hands all round with the staff of a Dalmatian night-place that had pleased him; and that, for one sex, at all events, Romance with the biggest of "R's" does not cease to hover, whatever may be said, are considerations rounding out the tableau of personal appeal.

One has noticed how these things, above, come out in print when King Edward visits a foreign country, the effect being to orientate public opinion in favour of the nation and people he represents.

It used freely to be said that when he ascended the throne His Majesty "would not be able to do the same things" that he had been wont to do as Prince of Wales, a typical example being travel. The Crown would have to go into Commission each time. Terrible, hoary difficulties like that! Actually, that should only be necessary when King Edward visits his Dominions. As regards the Continent, this hardened air-traveller can be back in his capital in a tenth of the time his grandfather found feasible. Of more concern might be the matter of personal safety—I do not mean with the safest R.A.F. pilot, in an ever minutely-examined aeroplane, flying only in expected conditions, but in the light of such economic wreckage as a MacMahon, or an outright mental pushed by notoriety mania. "Not even the King can be put beyond the reach of every conceivable danger," wrote *The Times*. That is especially so abroad, and let us hope therefore that full use will be made of secrecy, suddenness, and kindred barriers. Use of aircraft can help safety a lot because it engenders secrecy of movement; station arrivals and set drives have long provided the assailant's best chance.

But a truce to such thoughts, and I turn to a happier one. One feels sure if the country were asked to vote on the subject, a first visit of a British Sovereign to the United States would be the most popular of all.

President Roosevelt said in Canada that he hoped to welcome King Edward, whose features when thrown on the screen bring, according to Sir Cedric Hardwicke, American audiences to their feet, applauding. And the *Queen Mary* is no farther from New York than Istanbul could be, in non-flying weather, from London. And Florida, or the Caribbean, could give all the heat—and informal seclusion and pep—that King Edward so desires.

BOOKS RECEIVED

COLLINS.—FEAR IN THE HEART. By Constance Malleson. 7s. 6d. RECOIL. By J. L. Hardy. 7s. 6d. THE WHITE HARE. By Francis Stuart. 7s. 6d. GOING TO THE SEA. By Doreen Wallace. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—FAR FOREST. By Francis Brett Young. 8s. 6d. MEN IN ARMS. By George Slocombe. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—BUCCANEER BLOOD. By Kenneth Perkins. 7s. 6d. TOMORROW FOR NOTHING. By Florence Bone. 7s. 6d. SECRET AFRICA. By Lawrence G. Green. Illustrated. 18s. GAY PENITENTS. By Edith Nepean. 7s. 6d. NOT WISELY, BY "SINBAD." 7s. 6d. RED SKY AT NIGHT. By Anne Vernon. 7s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE LIFE AND EAGER DEATH OF EMILY BRONTË. By Virginia Moore. 18s. IMPERIAL COURTESAN. By Dudley Wightwick. 7s. 6d. THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE DOVE. By Francis Gerard. 3s. 6d. THE BLACK EMPEROR. By Francis Gerard. 3s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—ACTIVITY AND REST: The Life and Work of Mrs. William Archer. Compiled and arranged by A. R. Caton. Foreword by the Lady Mary Murray and a Preface by Dr. Lockhart Anderson. 5s. GANGWAYS AND CORRIDORS. By Winifred James. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. GEO. ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.—TSUSHIMA. By A. Novikoff-Priboy. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 16s. ANGUS & ROBERTSON.—THE STORY OF AUSTRALIAN ART FROM THE EARLIEST KNOWN ART OF THE CONTINENT TO THE ART OF TO-DAY. By William Moore. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 50s. Foreword by Julian Ashton. JONATHAN CAPE.—STRANGE SEA ROAD; The Story of a Sea Venture. By Warren Bednall. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. NEWS FROM TARTARY: A Journey from Peking to Kashmir. By Peter Fleming. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—BRIDLEWAYS THROUGH HISTORY. By Lady Apsley. 16s. THIS ENGLAND: A Book of the Shires and Counties. By W. S. Shears. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—A PRAYER FOR MY SON. By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. FROM HESTON TO THE HIGH ALPS: A Chat About Joy-Flying. By Douglas Fawcett. Illustrated. 6s. THE PROBLEM OF HAMLET: A Solution. By A. S. Cairncross. 7s. 6d. NEWNES.—ANNE OF MORGANS. By Hilda R. Bennett. 2s. 6d. THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.—THE A.A. ROAD BOOK OF ENGLAND AND WALES. Revised and Enlarged Edition. 10s. 6d. ANGLO-CONTINENTAL AND INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING OFFICES.—XXTH CENTURY HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS 1936. HURST & BLACKETT.—THE BLACK TENTS OF ARABIA: My Life Amongst the Bedouins. By Carl R. Raswan. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. HERBERT JOSEPH.—MUSHROOM RECIPES. By Countess Morphy. 2s. 6d. RAWLINSON'S LIBRARY.—THE ENGLISH GOLF UNION YEAR BOOK 1936. 2s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—WAKE UP AND LIVE! By Dorothea Brande. 3s. 6d. INNOCENT SUMMER. By Frances Frost. 7s. 6d. MY MAN GODFREY. By Eric Hatch. 7s. 6d.

COMING EVENTS

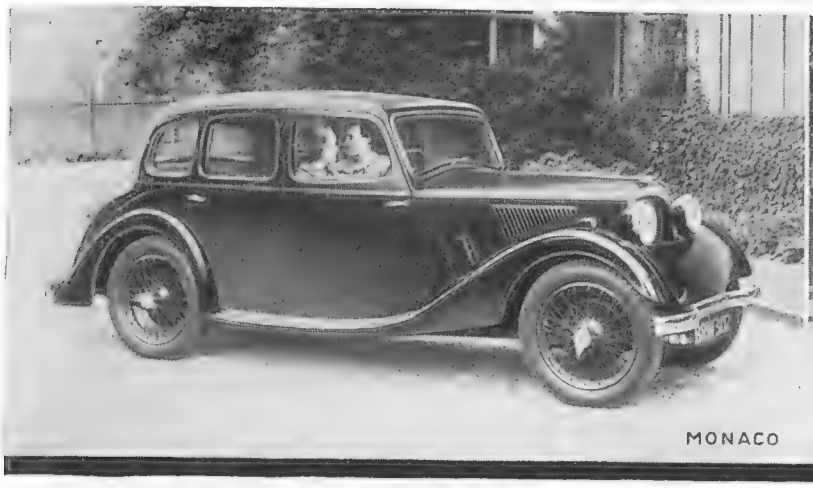
The Noah's Ark Ball and The Graphic Arts Ball

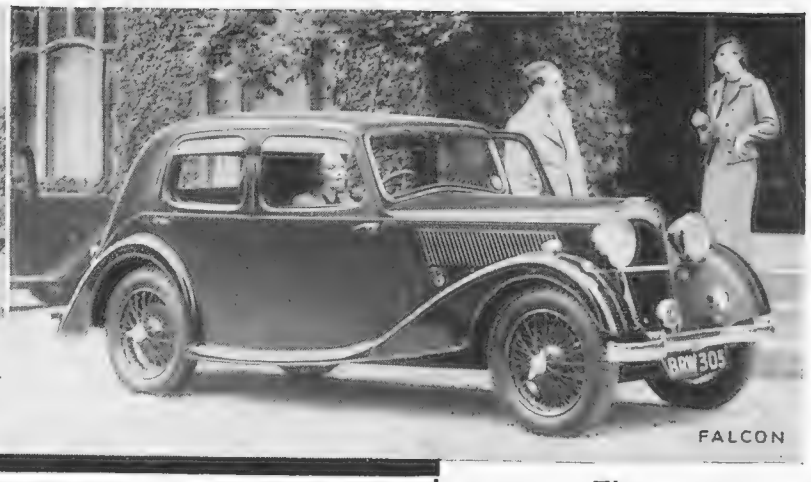
Lady Selsdon, chairman of the Noah's Ark Ball, held her first meeting of the ball committee this week at 20, Grosvenor Square. The ball, which the Duchess of Gloucester has consented to attend, is in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League work—which is being undertaken by the Women's Guild of Empire—and is to be held at Claridge's on Monday, November 16. Tickets, which include a champagne supper, are two guineas each; a book of six tickets is only ten guineas, which means one free ticket in each book. They may be obtained from Claridge's Hotel and from Miss Adeline Bourne, 6, Blomfield Road, W.9. (Abercorn 4470.)

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone will attend The Graphic Arts Dinner and Ball on Wednesday, December 2, at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of Printers' Pensions. The Duchess of Marlborough is chairman of the ball committee.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Lady Larken, who was accompanied by Admiral Sir Frank Larken, presented the prizes at the Annual Sports Day of the Training Ship *Arethusa*, at Upnor, near Rochester, on September 23. The boys put up some excellent performances, and some records that had stood for a number of years were broken. In the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys are trained for the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy, and the Society are urgently in need of funds to assist in the carrying on of this great work. A special appeal is made to readers of THE SPHERE to send donations which will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.


MONACO



FALCON

CHOICE OF THE CHOICEST

It's already fairly certain that we shall sell a lot of (a) 9-h.p. Monacos and (b) 1½ Litre Falcons, but we might just as well admit that we don't know which of the two we shall sell most of.

Of course, the "Nine" has tradition behind it, stability of price, economy of running, and a soundish reputation—bit of a halo, in fact.

The 1½ Litre, on the other hand, being a "Twelve" costs a little more to tax and run, and £17 more to buy; but for that you get a slightly better flat-out speed, a bit more power on the hills, a bit more zip at the traffic lights, and a bit more room for the family.

In a way, we're rather glad we're selling them instead of buying them (that sounds rather on the honest side, don't you think?) because we wouldn't know which to choose. Possibly we'd buy a five-seater Riley Adelphi, or even another make altogether.

The Riley Range

9 h.p. Merlin Saloon £275
9 h.p. Monaco Saloon £298
1½ litre Falcon Saloon £315
1½ litre Adelphi Saloon £350
6 cyl. Adelphi Saloon £380
8 cyl. Adelphi Saloon £450
1½ litre Kestrel Saloon £350

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This year the immense Empire Exhibition makes Johannesburg the social centre of the Union and is the occasion of substantial concessions in fares both for the voyage to South Africa and travel within its borders.

Visit

Full particulars of special tours and reduced rates in force during the Exhibition period may be obtained from the South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

SOUTH AFRICA

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Qt. hotel nr. stn. & cath. All mdn. conv., rms. fm. RM.4, with pr. bath fm. RM.8. Alfred Grieshaber, Mgr.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family home. Near station.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Hotel Excelsior.—Facing station. Renovated 1936. 270 beds, from RM. 4–6.50. Garage-service, excellent restaurant.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg, Black Forest.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—The house of comfort and refinement in the Black Forest. Fully illus. prospectus on demand.

Villingen.—Kurhaus Waldhotel.—
220 beds.
Situated amidst an extensive forest.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel.own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-class Family Hotel, all comforts. Best position. Ex. cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4 10s.

Lausanne, Victoria Hotel.—(First-class). Meets all your wishes.
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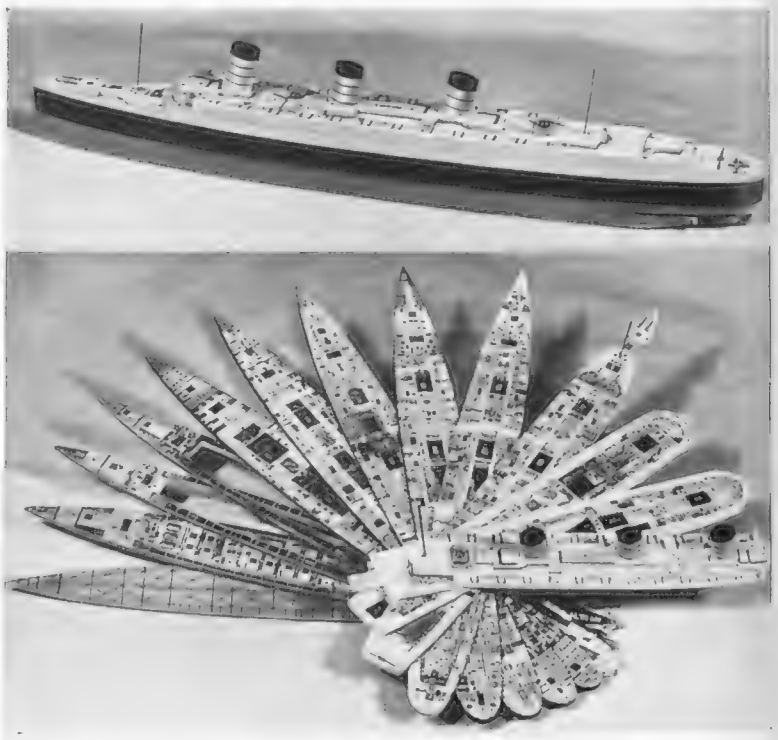

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

New Facilities for Winter Sportsmen—Worth-while Travel Literature—Cruising Up the Amazon

SWITZERLAND: A Swiss Miss in the costume of the Bernese Oberland

Switzerland's Snow Fields.—In many parts of Switzerland fresh ski-ing fields will be accessible to winter sportsmen this year on account of new caterpillar-coaches and ski-hoists which have been inaugurated. One of these is at Saanenmöser, fifteen minutes away from Gstaad by rail, and it will bring the famous snowfields of the Hornberg within easy reach. Other news from Switzerland is that the Julier Pass, which gives access to the Engadine, will be kept open throughout the winter for motor traffic. The snow is worked into a good, firm surface, and going by car to the winter sports is no longer an out of the way thing to do, now that motoring conditions generally have become so much easier.

History and Northern France.—Not everybody realises how very attractive some of the cities of Northern France are, and how much there is of historical interest to be found in them—cathedrals, monuments, ancient buildings, and so on. Within quite a small radius of Paris, for instance, are Amiens, Abbéville, Beauvais, Noyon, Senlis, Rouen, and St. Denis, all of them fascinating places and rich in magnificent Gothic architecture. This isn't, perhaps, quite the best season of the year to think of going to see them, but a booklet entitled *History Land*, which has recently been brought out by the Compagnie du Chemin de Fer du Nord, is definitely worth getting hold of, with a view to future holidays. It is quite short but well written, and illustrated with excellent photographs. Copies are obtainable (free) from most tourist agencies and from the P.L.M. Railway, 179, Piccadilly.

Telling Hungary's Story.—Talking of travel booklets, the one entitled *Hungary on Sunday*, to which we referred in these columns during the early part of the summer, would take a lot of beating. It is delightfully produced, and describes local customs in out-of-the-way places so alluringly that one feels tempted to hurry off there right away, or at any rate to keep Hungary well in mind as a good place for some future holiday. For sportsmen, of course, it is one of the best stocked countries in Europe, and there is marvellous shooting to be had, including red deer, wild boar, pheasant, partridge, and even the bustard. Another booklet, dealing with this aspect of Hungarian life, has just appeared, and also a third one about horse-breeding and horsemanship. These can all be obtained from the Hungarian National Office for Tourism, whose Budapest address is Lánchid-utca 1–3.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Wintering Abroad: Some Suggestions.—It is not possible to get warm sunshine unless you go some distance. The South of France would not be warm in January or February, but you would get plenty of cold, dry, sunny days. Menton enjoys the mildest climate and is sheltered from the mistral, and the East Bay is more sheltered than the West.

An Autumn Motor Tour to Central Europe.—For a tour by car through Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, starting at Breisach and crossing the frontier at the same point on the return journey, we suggest the following route. This route has been chosen in order that you may see the characteristics of each country in the time at your disposal. It is not possible to give details of the places of interest in this letter, but under separate cover we have sent you some literature giving much useful information.

From Breisach we suggest you make for Freiburg–Titisee–Neustadt–Lake Constance. Take the ferry across the lake to a point near Meersburg–Friedrichshafen–Sonthofen–Oberstdorf–Munich–Oberammergau–Garmisch–Partenkirchen (where you will get a splendid view of the Zugspitze)–Mittenwald, and across the frontier to Innsbruck, via Seefeld, if you have time visiting Lermoos. From Innsbruck it is difficult to advise the route, as there is so much to see. Perhaps you would like to go to the Salzkammergut (Mondsee, Attersee, and Wolfgangsee) and Salzburg; you would find this very interesting. From St. Wolfgang to Bad Ischl–Bad Aussee–Stainach–Rottenmann–Leoben–Graz–Feldbach, and cross into Hungary at Szentgotthard, making for Lake Balaton (Tihany). A drive round the lake to Foldvar is well worth the extra time you would spend and then on to Budapest. From Budapest you should not fail to visit Hortobagy which is very flat and the home of herds of horses; these vast plains are most impressive. Mesokovesd should be visited on a Sunday when you will have the opportunity of seeing the extraordinarily varied and rich peasant costumes. On to Miskole and Lillafured and through to Vienna via Matra–Lekes–Esztergom–Gyor–Hegyeshalom or via Bratislava which is quite interesting. Vienna to Brno, making an excursion to Kunovice, Velehratt, Buchlov, Vranof, and Slavkov. The most interesting route to Prague would be via Jihlava–Tabor–Vlkova. From Prague make for Pilsen and on to Nuremberg–Ulm–Tubingen–Freudenstadt–FREIBURG.

ITALY: St. Peter's Square, Rome, which is now being completely repaved for the first time in many centuries. The cost of the work, which is expected to be 3,000,000 lire, will be shared by the Vatican and the Fascist Government

ALGERIA: Arab women gather every Friday to discuss the Koran at this desert meeting place

SUEZ: Passengers on liners passing through the "cut" often get a glimpse of their ship's funnels silhouetted on the burning sands of the desert

JAPAN: A maid of Nippon carrying a bundle of sticks on her head

Amazonian Adventure.—The trip up the Amazon is a wonderfully interesting experience The temperature during the time of your visit would be between 80 deg. and 90 deg. Fah, so that you would require two or three drill suits and a panama hat. For the first week out you would require your dinner jacket and a medium weight lounge suit; the blue one you mention would be excellent. Plenty of shirts, tennis shoes for the deck, but we do not think you would find a plus four suit useful and you will not need an overcoat. A raincoat will, however, be very useful as you will have light tropical showers on occasion.

You would probably be very interested in *A Thousand Miles up the Amazon*—Impressions of a pleasure cruise. By A. S. N. Wadia. This book costs 8s. 6d., is well illustrated and contains much useful information. If you have any difficulty in obtaining the book locally, you can get it from Hugh Rees of 5 & 7 Regent Street, S.W. 1.

As regards tipping, for the round trip we think you should allow £10. You will have to tip the dining-room steward, the cabin steward, the head steward, and there are sure to be one or two others to tip. We think you would have to give the dining-room steward the most, £2 to £3, and then the cabin steward, say £2 10s., the head steward a similar amount, and others as you judge fit. This is always a difficult question on which to advise, but we think this is a reasonable allowance.

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A lovely home for winter

A beautiful country house, warm, cheerful, friendly . . . standing in its own gardens and 30 acres of grounds. Almost famous for its hot water and efficient central heating. Coal fires and radiators in the public rooms. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. A charming countryside full of sporting and social amenities. Covered Squash Court. Hard Tennis Court. Billiard Room. Bramley Golf Course (18 holes) adjoining the grounds. Garage. Exquisite food—fruit and vegetables from the garden, poultry and eggs from the local farmers—and a really comfortably furnished hotel to cheer the winter . . . at terms most moderate. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

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In Quest o

Old-fashioned Comfort at t
An Ideal Place f

I HAVE heard the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, described as "old fashioned." If old fashioned means the abandonment of some twenty bedrooms to allow for more bathrooms, the provision of a number of self-contained suites, the installation of hot and cold water basins in bedrooms, central heating, a fine ballroom, a billiard room, most comfortable public rooms, a sporting golf course adjoining the grounds, a post office on the premises, a garage with up-to-date equipment and so on, I will admit the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, is old fashioned.

The fact is that the Spa Hotel does not cater for those whose standard of fashion is set by the modern cocktail bar, the swimming pool, and squash courts.

Maybe the Spa Hotel will one day even install these, but for the moment, during the greater period of the year, they cater rather deliberately for a more elderly clientele, who place comfort before cocktails, sleep before squash racquets, and who rejoice in so-called old-fashioned things, coupled with efficiency. And in consequence every year there is a considerable number of elderly people who regularly return to the Spa Hotel, sure of finding things much as they were before, the same staff, the same service. In short they return because everything suits them, the hotel, the clientele, and Tunbridge Wells itself.

I have very deliberately kept my article on the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, until this month because I felt that about this time there may be a number of my regular readers who may be wondering where to take an autumn holiday, or may be, are now contemplating where to settle down for the winter, so I do most strongly stress that Tunbridge Wells and its Spa Hotel must on no account be left out of their serious consideration.

Then Tunbridge Wells itself. The sunniest inland health resort in Great Britain. The nearest health resort to London. It is just half-way between London and the coast. In an hour you can be in London seeing your dentist, your lawyer or, a happier thought, shopping or seeing a show. In an hour you can be getting a little sea air into your lungs at Hastings or St. Leonards, Bexhill, Eastbourne, or Brighton.

Then what a clean, good-looking, prosperous town is the Royal Borough of Tunbridge Wells. Its whole history is wrapped up in celebrities who first come to take the waters, and then find the air even better.

"Full of old people" you will hear people say of Tunbridge Wells. But what a testimonial!

You see old people in Tunbridge Wells because the air is so good that they can be up and about instead of being, as in so many towns, confined to their rooms.

It is full of young people, too, but they are mostly walking by day and at week-ends they are on the golf courses, hunting, and in the summer on the tennis courts.

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes' Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Ho
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two mile
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells: A Christmas Stay

Tunbridge Wells is a place for the young and old, and I should know because I spent sixteen happy years there, and neither Tunbridge Wells nor the class of people who live or stay there seems to change.

And so back to the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, as your potential headquarters. It lies 400 ft. up, facing the south and the sun. It lies well back from the road, so there is no traffic noise to worry about. In front lies Tunbridge Wells Common. In the rear, views that must be seen to be believed. The grounds of the hotel in the foreground, with the golf links behind, and beyond pasture land and woodland, and if I remember rightly not a house to be seen.

There are still plenty of people in the world who would welcome the peacefulness of the Spa Hotel, coupled with the knowledge that there is so much to see and do with the Spa Hotel as their base. History, coupled with scenic beauty as exemplified in Penshurst and its Place; Bodiam, its castle, majestic yet mournful; Bayham Abbey, ruins set in peaceful rural surroundings.

Motoring—away from the highroads. Yes; it *is* possible, though only a little over thirty miles from London. Eridge Forest, Ashdown Forest, through Crowborough, Withyham, Hartfield, Colemans Hatch to Wych Cross, then back across to Crowborough over Gill's Lap and Camp Hill.

That's just one way. But to those who want to enjoy unspoilt country so close to London there are literally dozens of alternative trips. The fact is Tunbridge Wells is, as the map reveals, a strategic point for exploring the highways and byways of Kent and the eastern half of Sussex.

And the Spa Hotel is the strategic headquarters for those who appreciate "old fashioned" comfort with modern amenities.

And that brings me to one final thought: the "old fashioned" Christmas and the New Year, always great occasions at the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, and as a consequence early application for accommodation is essential. At that time age is forgotten and it is only the hours that count. There are as many young people as there are their elders, and the ballroom comes into full use with Fancy Dress Dances at Christmas, a Carnival Dance to usher in the New Year, followed by a Staff Dance to set the New Year and Staff going. There is all the fun of the season. Gymkhanas, billiard tournaments, clock golf, putting competitions, a Christmas tree and so on. So here is my first suggestion for spending Christmas 1936—The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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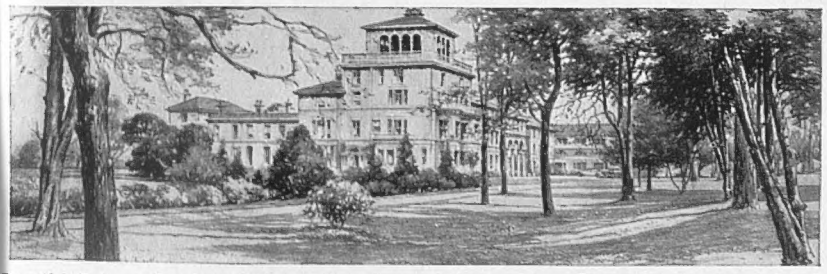

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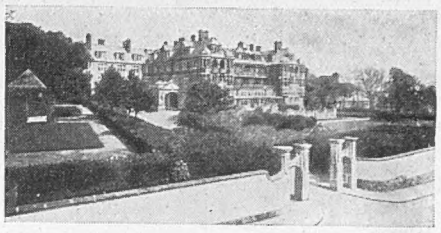

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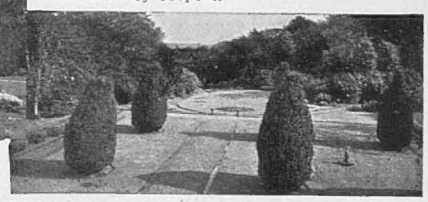

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CONTINUATIONS

THE INDUSTRY OF SPORT

(Continued from page 26)

Albert Hall which, however, was never a real commercial proposition in view of the large numbers of seats which belonged, and still belong, to descendants of the original guarantors who erected the building; the Ring at Blackfriars, which admittedly, under Dan Sullivan, was a real little gold mine; Olympia for an occasional fight; Hoxton Baths, and other similar buildings in the East End; the National Sporting Club, which was already in distinctly low water; and the Stadium Club in Holborn. C. B. Cochran, one recalls, was compelled to hire the Holborn Empire for the famous fight between Carpentier and Joe Beckett. Of facilities for ice hockey there were none. There was a tiny rink in Hertford Street, Mayfair, but that was all. The Wimbledon lawn tennis courts were coining money, but, on the other hand, greyhound racing, speedway racing, and ice hockey were completely unknown factors in this country.

It was in June of 1927 that greyhound racing began. A year later speedway racing was brought to the White City from Australia. After a year, however, it ceased to function there, but the sport was taken up at Wembley and a considerable success made of it, although many of the riders demand as much as £150 a week and are as temperamental as film stars. After speedway racing came ice hockey, but it was only two years ago that it started to be a real draw. Since then professional lawn tennis, amateur athletics, baseball, and now six-day cycle racing, have been introduced, together with ice skating and other non-competitive sport. All-in wrestling has also made an appearance, though it is largely confined to the Ring and to Lane's Club.

Nor will these sports be by any means the last to be put on a paying basis in this country. One can look forward to small motor car racing; badminton tournaments; and paced bicycle racing. In addition it is probable that ballets on the ice, which have proved a spectacular box office draw at Brighton and Hove this summer, will be introduced to London, together with, even, cheap opera. That, at any rate, is something that is being considered by the Harringay authorities.

But which of all the sports already being conducted in this country are the most profitable to the organisers? The answer is, very simply, that greyhound racing tops the bill. The "artists" are not expensive; there is also the profit from the 6 per cent. of the tote. The most precarious sport to launch is a prize fight. There is always the risk of bad weather if it is held out of doors, and there is the very high price set for their services by the boxers themselves. The Carpentier–Beckett fight still holds the English record of £23,000 gate money. The biggest takings recorded at Wembley were the £16,800 for the last Harvey–Petersen fight. Incidentally, the clash between Harvey and Lewis seems to be a big draw, and though the fight is still some way away, thousands of pounds have been spent by fans anxious to see whether anybody can knock Harvey out.

The next most expensive sport after prize fights to put on is speedway racing, the reasons for which I have already explained. It attracts, however, very large crowds, much bigger than greyhound racing. But the minimum price of entry is only 6d. compared with 1s. 3d. for greyhound racing. Ice hockey can be distinctly profitable, particularly when visiting teams from Canada or the United States are brought over. Despite the fact, however, that technically all the ice hockey players are amateurs, their expense sheets are distinctly heavy. Ice skating, by contrast, is very lucrative for the various managements which cater for it, but a wet summer like the one from which we have just suffered can militate severely against the possibility of any profits being made from swimming, even though the pool may be under cover.

Baseball is still in its infancy. It is true that there are sixty-one different baseball clubs in the North of England, but in the season which has just terminated the largest attendance in London was only 5,000. It is expected, however, that within two years it will prove a real money earner, particularly if certain famous cricketers are persuaded to turn baseball players. This, indeed, may prove to be the penultimate death knell of cricket.

Professional lawn tennis is also coming along fast, now that the public realise that the professionals are really trying to beat one another and are not cutting up the prizes between themselves, as might perhaps be suspected of a group of athletes travelling together in a kind of sports circus.

Making sport into a definite paying proposition, however, is not quite so simple as it may sound. Although the public and the City will support any sound proposition of this nature, it is occasionally found impossible to float an enterprise. By contrast one can look at the success enjoyed by Clapton arena, which regularly earns £50,000 or £60,000 a year on a capital of £200,000; at West Ham, with its greyhound racing, its speedway track, and its football; at the Wimbledon Stadium, with its speedway racing, and greyhounds; at the Streatham Stadium; at its counterpart at Richmond; and, in a different way, at Northolt, where pony-racing has at last proved popular; and at the Arsenal, which was the first football club to have the sense to make the cheap seats comfortable.

What seems so foolish is that some people look down their noses when the phrase "Money in sport" is mentioned. Sport cannot exist without finance, and why should not Lord Sefton make a great deal of his income from Altcar and Aintree, or the Duke of Richmond and Gordon from Goodwood?

In any event these modern sports arenas are desirable in every way. They are warm and well lighted, they supply food and drink at reasonable prices, they keep the public off street corners and give them something about which to talk and think.

Properly organised sport such as we have in England is a fine public tonic.

CURRENT DRAMA

(Continued from page 23)

inspector, one should lie without adornment. Joanna would probably not have been believed anyway when she told the inspector that she had rung him up to say that her jewels had been stolen, instead of that her young poet had not mistaken her lover for a pheasant but had really intended to kill him. When she tacked a sentimental history to each item in the alleged robbery, she was just calling out for the handcuffs to be put on someone.

Why had the poet shot the lover? Because, not having "sinned" with her, he hated the man who had. This latter was not only a sinner but a bounder and most realistically did Mr. Francis Lister make him bound. The husband was in a frenzy of jealous rage when he discovered that "sin." Surely, since we were told that he was much older than his wife (which means too old) and preferred backgammon and sipping bi-carbonate of soda to more normal if more fatiguing marital exploits, he was asking for trouble. Joanna was no saint, whatever the poet may have thought. She was a woman and a young one, and the husband's theory that the marriage was going to work satisfactorily on platonic lines was all backgammon and spinach. He asked for it and he got it. And Mr. Nicholas Hannen, having at last got a good scene, Othello-ed away in grand style.

Miss Edna Best played throughout in a quiet key of injured complacency. This was possibly as effective a way as any of tackling a character who needed a spanking in each act and the hardest spanking of all in the last one. But at times I would have welcomed a bit more ginger—even in a saint.

Having thus dissected the play with morbid thoroughness, I repeat that I enjoyed it and that I look forward to Miss Storm's next.

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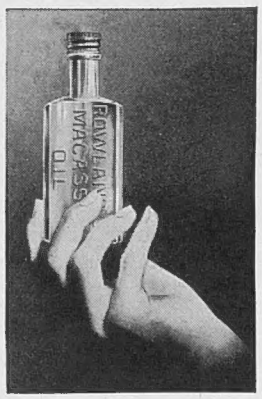

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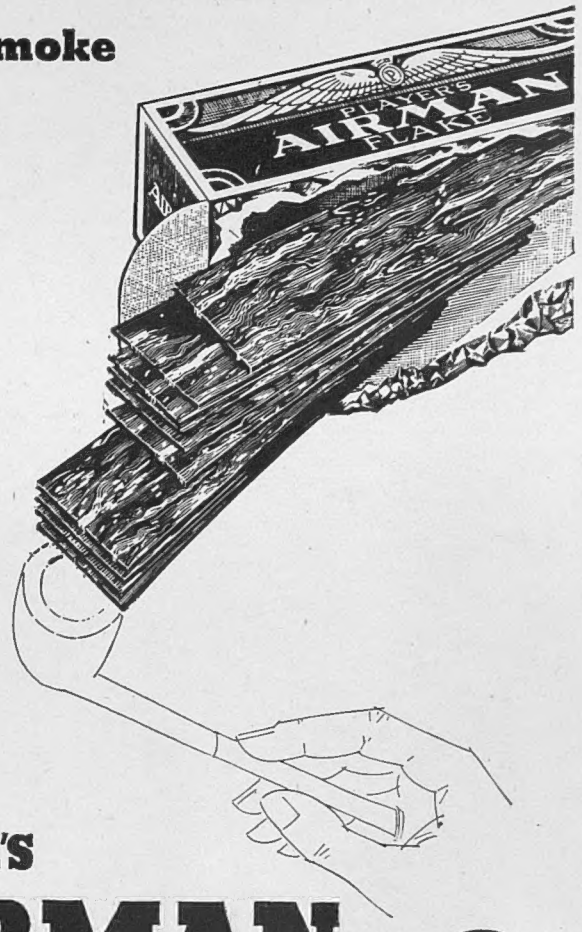

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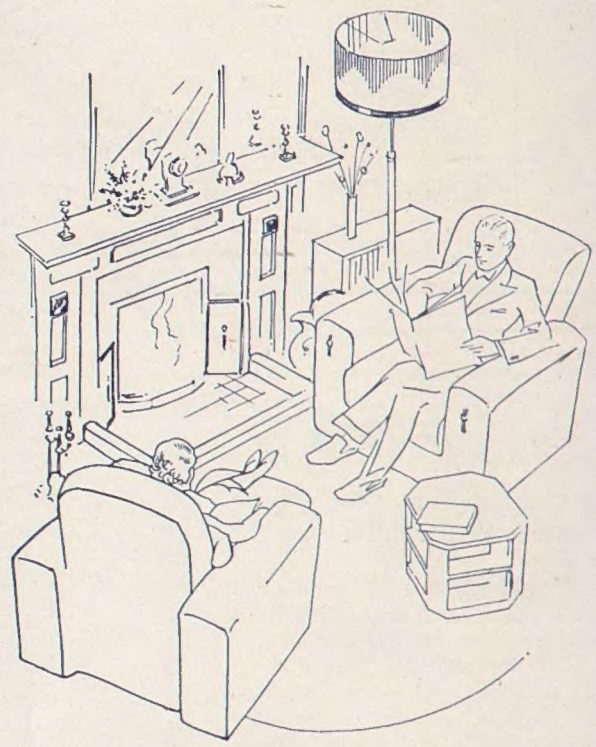

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